

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 23, 1970 60 CENTS

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OF ST. LOUIS**

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IN TURMOIL**





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The Wall Street Journal

The national daily source of useful business news

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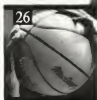
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Next week

BASKETBALL CLIMAX comes in Maryland and New York, with reports by Joe James and William Reed on UCLA's bid for the NCAA title and Pete Maravich's fling in the NIT.

A COMIC-OPERA VENDETTA flares in Ohio as Pitcher Dean Chance turns boxing promoter and moves in on the territory of one Dan Kilbaum. A front-line dispatch from Myron Cope.

SKY-HIGH SKIDING is the big thing in Canada's Hugelboos: you zipper to the top and then run for miles. A colorful spring portfolio by sking cameraman John G. Zimmerman.



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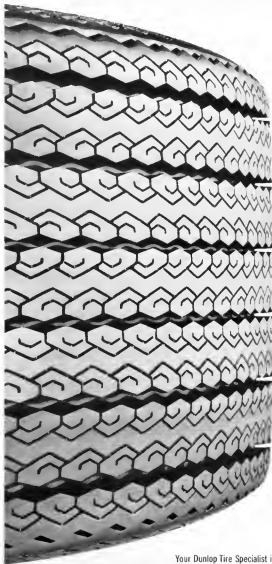


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Finally, if everything's all right, his thoughts are sent on their way.

The incredible fact is, in many offices it can take the best part of a whole day just to get a handful of things written, typed and sent out.

As a result, many business offices have executives spending hours doing routine paperwork when they could be doing not-so-routine brainwork. Things like directing and motivating people, making decisions, solving problems and just plain thinking.

And consider the cost. A businessman and his secretary can't turn out much more paperwork this way than they could twenty years ago. But they're being paid almost twice as much for doing it as they were twenty years ago.

And even if you're willing to pay the price of hiring more secretarial help you probably won't be able to get it. It's almost impossible to get enough people to process the paperwork that exists now. Let alone get more people to do it faster.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

BATTLE OF THE MOUNT

It is beginning to look as though the ABA is here to stay, whether it merges with the NBA or not. The carefully staged and impressively publicized signing of Rick Mount (the Purdue star came to terms with the Indiana Pacers on a TV show) was followed a day or so later by the Pittsburgh Pirates' signing of Davidson's Mike Maloy, and Commissioner Jack Dolph promised that the ABA would be signing more stars. While this seemed to indicate that the off-again, on-again merger talks had gone down the drain, Dolph disagreed. "With every star we sign," he said, "the merger will be that much closer." NBA Commissioner Walter Kennedy, professing a lack of concern when asked about the Mount signing, said, "I have no feeling one way or the other. The merger committees are still meeting."

And the ABA is still in its full-court press. Richard Tinkham, executive vice-president of the Indiana club, who met with the NBA's merger committee in New York the day after his team signed Mount, added, "I think everyone in the NBA knows that we are going to fight while we negotiate. The signing of Mount could bust everything absolutely, or it could bring about a merger soon."

Chuck Devoe, the Pacers' president, said, "The American Football League got the Bonehead of the Year award because it paid a huge indemnity to merge with the NFL. We're hoping the ABA doesn't get the bonehead award this year and we're doing all we can to see that it doesn't happen."

EMPTY PICKETS

Responsible conservation is logical and vital, but some self-styled conservationists can be ridiculous. Earth Day, as *Environmental Action* April 22 is coming to be called, is described as a "nation-wide day of environmental action." Much of the projected activity is laudable: University of Illinois students, for instance, will borrow sanitation equip-

ment to clean up The Bone Yard, as a tributary of the Sangamon River oozing through Champaign-Urbana is called locally; a Rhode Island group plans to bar automobiles from certain streets in Providence in order to set up a model mass-transit system using minibuses, and in San Francisco a computerized traffic survey to be taken on the Bay Bridge will also attack the nagging problem of "one-passenger" automobiles; other groups are planning or pursuing legal action against polluters. But some Earth Day plans sound like juvenile nonsense, great expenditures of energy that are self-satisfying but accomplish little that is practical: mock trials, mock funerals, picket lines, demonstrations, road blockades, even a month-long "survival" walk ending on E-day. Such endeavors may have some small educational impact, but what they are against and for are too broad and general. It is easy to be pro motherhood and anti man-eating shark, as politicians know. It would be less glamorous but far more useful to make local environmental surveys, with the pluses (if any) and the minuses (there'll be plenty) widely and clearly publicized.

THE PHOENIX ARISING

Nino Benvenuti of Italy, the middle-weight boxing champion of the world, got belted around in a nontitle bout in Australia last weekend and lost on a technical knockout to unknown Tom (The Bomb) Bothea of New York (Nino thought he had broken some ribs, but X rays indicated that it might be only a bad bruise). That was humiliating for Benvenuti, particularly since he is scheduled to box this coming Monday night in Los Angeles, assuming the ribs let him. Nino is supposed to spar four three-minute rounds in the grand ballroom of the Beverly Hilton Hotel before a \$50-a-plate crowd at a formal dinner of the World Sporting Club. His opponent? Forty-eight-year-old Sugar Ray Robinson, who was licensed last month by the California State Athletic Commis-

sion after a thorough physical examination. Robinson, who has been working out in a gym for the past month, weighs 162 pounds, only two pounds over the middleweight limit. Neither Benvenuti nor Robinson will be paid for the exhibition, which is a benefit for the Sugar Ray Youth Foundation, a program sponsored by the fighter "to reach the unreachable child."

Word has gotten around about Robinson's gym work and physical condition and, much to his surprise, he has been getting offers to fight—from England and Italy, among other places. "I'm flattered," Sugar says, though amused might be the more accurate word. Still, if Nino's ribs are vulnerable and Ray is in shape and those offers are real, just think what could happen Monday night.

LACE YOUR GLOVES

Two current movements—the New Feminism and Pseudonostalgic Recall of the 1930s—may be stimulated by the following advice gleaned from *The Van Court Scientific Boxing Course*, published by Carroll Van Court in 1937:



"Although I do not approve of women prize fighters, there is no reason why girls and women cannot take up a little boxing for exercise, fun and self-defense. If they go into it moderately, and wear some kind of breast protector to prevent serious injury, they can get a great deal of useful knowledge and exercise from boxing...."

"Boxing is too strenuous for a woman to indulge in extensively, but if every woman knew the Art of Self-Defense, some of these big, bad, bold wife-beat-

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

ers would soon learn . . . when the little woman socks them with a straight left to the chin and knocks them into the wastebasket, to lie there until they sober up and act like a man instead of a beast.

"So there you are, girls. Learn a good snappy straight left to the nose and a hard right to the stomach, and a couple of good ducks and the Pullback, and you'll have all the men in the house treating you with the respect due to the members of the fair sex!"

ELI HARVARD

If you are from Harvard you do not like Yale, except that there are times when the lives must stand together. The NCAA indoor track championships (page 64) was such a time. With Yale barred from competing because of the NCAA's ruling on the Jack Langer case (SCORECARD, Feb. 9), the Crimson tallied round. When Harvardmen Ed Nosal (first in the weight throw), Keith Colburn (first in the 1,000) and Noel Hare (third in the long jump) mounted the victory stand to receive their medals each wore a blue Yale shirt.

THE L. DAVIS CUP

Harvard and Boston have had quite a bit to do with determining who rules the tennis world. Seventy years ago a young Harvard man named Dwight Davis trotted down to his neighborhood jeweler—Shreve, Crump & Low—and bought a cup that went into international competition and soon adopted his name. The first match was played in Boston.

Now that the Davis Cup has lost much of its significance—since those untouchables, the contract pros, are barred—the Sportsmen's Tennis Club of Boston, Logan Davis, president, decided to stage a truer world title bout: Australian pros against the champion U.S. Davis Cup team. Harvard, which has refused to take in the football Patriots, welcomed the tennis pros to its facilities because the meeting was for charity.

A predominately black group without courts, the Sportsmen's Tennis Club is raising funds to construct public courts in the Boston ghetto. Although the International Lawn Tennis Federation opposed the match, USLTA President Alastair Martin gave his blessing. The show went on last week with Aussies Fred Stolle and John Newcombe beating Americans Arthur Ashe, Stan Smith,

Clark Graebner and Cliff Richey 5-2 (five singles matches and two doubles matches were played). A new cup, called the World Cup (from the same jeweler), and an \$11,000 first prize went to the Aussies, and about \$20,000 was realized to help provide courts for poor black and white youngsters. Logan Davis no relation to Dwight Davis, said, "We hope to make this an annual event."

BY-BY BISONS

There was Seattle, trying to stay in big league baseball, and Milwaukee, trying to get back in, and—well—then there is Buffalo. Big league in football for a decade, Buffalo is getting major league franchises next season in both hockey and basketball, but in baseball it is going the other way entirely. The International League Bisons used to play their games in 45,000-seat War Memorial Stadium, but they moved a couple of years ago because they were drawing minuscule crowds of only 1,000 or so and were having trouble with roving bands of hoodlums both inside and outside the park. The club played its games in nearby Niagara Falls for a couple of years, but that was a 20-mile drive from downtown Buffalo, there was a toll to pay and, after a promising start, the crowds dwindled away.

This year the Bisons planned on playing in a remodeled stadium in neighboring Lackawanna, which is check-by-jowl to Buffalo, but the remodeling plans got entangled in politics and that seemed to end that. Next the team asked for permission to play in All-High Stadium, a scholastic arena, and said it would spruce up the somewhat rundown plant and install lights. After thinking it over, the school board said no to that idea. Now it appears that the Bisons are left with either a retreat to the empty seats of War Memorial Stadium or a move to another city, in which case Buffalo would be without a club in organized baseball for the first time since 1879.

DREAMS OF GORY

At one time or another all boys have heroic dreams about their athletic prowess, but few carry them to the extreme that David Dowd did. David is an 18-year-old Englishman who plays wing forward on a rugby team in Lancashire. In bed with a cold and a fever, Dowd began shouting in his sleep and then leaped out of bed with an imaginary ball tucked

securely under one arm. Giving his mum, who had come into the room to see what he was shouting about, a straight-arm. Dowd bolted through the door and along the hall toward his parents' bedroom. He charged across their room, crashed through a window and fell 20 feet into a hedge. Shaking loose from a tangle of curtains and privet branches, he got to his feet and—still wearing only his pajamas—zigzagged another 50 feet up the road before collapsing. When he awoke from his sleep, if hardly serene, sleep he had an injured groin, a severely cut heel, multiple scratches on his legs and a lively curiosity as to what had happened and why. The London Daily Mail's correspondent explained, in splendid understatement, "Most people dream about their own lives," he wrote. "A high fever tends to make dreams more vivid."

SPORTING MUSE

This poem, by Manfred A. Carter, appeared in the Jan. 21 issue of *The Christian Century*:

BLACK FULLBACK

*They cheer me in each alien stadium
Like a horse that runs well,
But there is no affection in that mob
yet.
The players show some teamwork,
And slap my hands for touchdowns,
But in the stadium I am one of the
clowns,
I glory in the raucous, and the masses,
But I am still a thing to sell
Like my forefathers
With the plantation bell,
When they ask me home to dinner
Like my other suitor,
They may break the spell...*

THEY SAID IT

- Mme. Claude Moreaux, the first woman licensed to train thoroughbreds in France, on her profession: "I have always compared it to that of the nurse. For, in the end, what is a horse in training but a big infant, a little clumsy, that has to be waited on hand and foot all the time?"
- Elgin Pitts, on his trade from Green Bay to Chicago: "I was real sorry to leave Green Bay—for about 10 seconds."
- Chub Feeney, new National League president and former Giant official: "I've got to remind myself that I'm the only guy in the ball park who is there to root for the umpire."

END

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A BIRD IN HAND AND A BURNING BUSCH

Even with Richie Allen aboard, the owner of the new, new Cardinals, peeved by player demands and a Supreme Court challenge, is hardly Little Gussie Sunshine—as poor Steve Carlton has learned by WILLIAM LEGGETT

It was two hours after Richard Anthony Allen (see cover) had completed his first official day's work in the employ of the St. Louis National Baseball Club, Inc. Baseball's wandering man stood in the middle of the team's spring training clubhouse at Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg, Fla. with a benign smile on his face. "This is exactly what I wanted," he said. "To be here and be a part of this team. I just want to play the game of baseball here as it is supposed to be played. If I were still with Philadelphia and tramping up the road in Clearwater I wouldn't be hanging around any clubhouse two hours after my work was done. As soon as I could get the uniform off my back up there I would be long gone and goodby. But I'm gonna like this. Um-huh!"

Is he? Will Richie Allen disappear in May or fail to catch the team plane in June? Will he be given a month's suspension in July for insubordination and cause his manager to be known throughout the sports world as Gray Schoendienst?

With the opening of the baseball season still three weeks away, there is already \$1,830,000 worth of advance ticket money stashed away in a bank in St.

Louis. Much of that was put there by people who want to know the answers to these and many other questions about Allen and the impact he will have on the already vastly changed (and changing every day) Cardinals of 1970.

No major league trade of recent years has caused as much speculation as the one that brings Allen to St. Louis after six controversial years with the Phillies. He is known as a man who hits a baseball even harder than he hits the bottle, and Allen shakes the game's Establishment and stirs up its followers as no other player can. Although his career has been interrupted by injuries and indiscretions on several occasions, in the four years he has managed to play most of the schedule Allen has averaged .301, with 31 homers a year, 94 runs batted in and 146 strikeouts. Not only does he hit tremendous home runs, he is one of the fastest runners in baseball. His power and speed are supposed to lift the Cards back to something more respectable than their shabby fourth-place finish in 1969.

But Allen is only one change the Cardinals have made. By the end of the first full week of exhibition games last Saturday some other innovations were

beginning to look excellent. Carl Taylor, the hottest man between Florida and Arizona, was hitting .700 and raising eyebrows all over St. Petersburg as he shone at three different positions. Like Allen, Taylor was brought to St. Louis to help lift a team batting attack that produced only 595 runs in 1969. He hit .348 at Pittsburgh last season, impressive even though he appeared in just half the team's games.

Jose Cardenal, the man St. Louis hopes will be able to replace Curt Flood in center field, was playing well, stealing bases and, like Allen, maintaining that he was now ready to forget his temperamental past at California and Cleveland. George Culver, a pitcher picked up from Cincinnati, of all places, was throwing the ball hard and getting the hitters out. At one point late last week the Cards had gone through 18 innings of exhibition games without giving up an earned run. Repeatedly, they had generated early lightning by scoring in the first inning. They seldom did that last year.

continued

Determined Pitcher Steve Carlton, training without a contract, strolls silently next to Owner Busch (last) on way to further talks





From the moment St. Louis reported this spring, tension enveloped the team. For one thing, the Cards were bothered by the world-champion New York Mets, who had become the darlings of St. Petersburg following their remarkable upset of the National League and the Baltimore Orioles. The Cardinals had grown used to winning the publicity war in town, and nothing gets to a hallplayer like not being able to read about himself. Three times league champions in the past six years, the Cardinals sustained, particularly at a title on the *Times* that read THE METSVILLE TIMES.

But the most disturbed man in St. Pete all spring was Card Owner August A. (Gussie) Busch Jr. With spring training two weeks gone and contracts with Allen and Pitcher Steve Carlton still unsigned, Busch got hopping mad. He stood in front of the red door of the team's offices at Al Lang Field one morning and talked to General Manager Bing Devine while hitting his left hand with his right in choppy strokes. "I'm going into a meeting right now about that," he said in answer to a reporter's question about Allen. "We ain't going to give in. He is going to play at our figure or he's not going to play for the Cardinals."

Allen had a strange deal in Philadelphia that included a large payment to his mother. Devine, his assistant Jim Toomey and Busch had decided that Allen would receive no such benefit with St. Louis, where no other player had a similar deal. Allen's failures to return phone calls or answer letters and wires caused St. Louis to invoke paragraph 10 of the uniform player agreement (reserve clause) that states that a baseball team can force a player to report to the club at any salary it wants to write into the contract so long as that figure is not less than 80% of the previous season's contract. A letter was sent to Allen advising him of the action. Outrageously—or so it seemed in retrospect—an identical letter was sent to Carlton, who had been holding out for considerably less than Allen. Carlton came over to St. Pete from Miami almost immediately and got caught in the middle of Busch's wrath.

Originally, Carlton, who set a major league record last season by striking out

19 Mets in a game, asked for a raise from \$26,000 to \$50,000, but almost immediately he was trapped in the Allen brouhaha. Busch declared that he was disgusted with a lot of the problems now bothering baseball. "We have had the highest-priced team ever to be fielded," he said. "Last year our salaries came to slightly over a million and we are close to that now [\$890,000]. I just can't see paying Allen a salary that's the same as some of my stars. I would then have to raise their salaries out of conscience."

Busch explained that he felt he had always treated his players fairly. "I'm not mad, I'm disappointed. Instead of being a sport it has become a headache. I can't understand Curt Flood [the former Cardinal now fighting baseball's reserve clause through the courts] or the Allen case. Some of us have to take a stand for the good of baseball one way or the other. I hate to be the sucker who does it, but I am perfectly willing to do it. I think we can still work this thing out, but we are going through a hell of a turmoil right now."

Allen announced not long after Busch's somewhat rambling statement that he had agreed to terms and would report to St. Pete. Carlton, however, angered Busch again when he tried to get his salary raised from the \$31,000 the Cardinals had written into his unsigned contract.

"I'm fed up and I think the fans are, too," Busch said the next day. "The players have a great pension plan and we've been pretty fair with salaries. Now they talk strike. They must think we are a bunch of softheads. I hope to God this is not a majority view. I can't understand what's happening here or on our campuses or in our great country."

What was happening to Carlton was hard to understand, too. "I didn't use a lawyer," he said, "because this club always has wanted to deal on a personal level. I believe in that, too."

Although Busch said that he will not change his mind about Carlton's salary for 1970, it should be remembered that he is not merely an owner; as a Cardinal fan, he often reacts to the thinking of other Cardinal fans. He fired Devine and then brought him back in one of the better pride-swallowing displays of recent times. His attitude toward Carlton could change.

Anyone silly enough to judge Rich Allen on his past performances is silly,

indeed. Allen is convinced he will live down the reputation that caused Dodger Vice-President Al Campanis to say recently: "When the Phillies made him available, we thought twice. We wanted his bat, but not his personality. We would have been making a travesty of everything that Dodger spirit represents."

Cardinal spirit is just as good as Dodger spirit. Twice in the last few years the Cardinals picked up players who were thought to be problems and two of them—Orlando Cepeda and Roger Maris—helped win pennants. The Cardinals, known as great "rippers," treat each other as equals. Allen got his first taste of this the day he reported to St. Petersburg. As he watched his friend, Joe Torre, walking from the shower he said, "What a body. Joe, you look like you are in great shape. Man, you must have lost quite a bit of weight."

"Thirteen pounds," said Torre.

"How?" asked Allen.

"Waiting for you to show up," said Torre, and Allen laughed.

"I'm not the big man here," said Allen. "I'm just a part of this team and I feel welcome already. Everything here won't center around me like it did in Philadelphia. I'd forgotten how to win there and I know they won't let me forget that here. I want to get that winning feeling again."

Allen joins a lot of stars in St. Louis, including Lou Brock, Julian Javier, Torre and Bob Gibson, an excellent man at getting a team loose. This spring Gibson spent the early days in camp thinking of ways to lift the club's morale. Always a big man with scissors, signs and tape, he busied himself searching out literary zingers to be mounted above his and his teammates' lockers. First up was a magazine article headlined BASEBALL'S FIVE MOST OVERBATED PLAYERS. The five were Sam McDowell, Joe Pepitone, Ken Harrelson, Richie Allen and Joe Torre. Gibson wrote in the margin, "Two out of five ain't bad."

He also wrote out a set of instructions for Carl Taylor's workday. It read, "Pitch first three innings, catch second four, left field eighth inning, third ninth." Over Torre's locker Gibson taped a box from a *Peanuts* cartoon strip in which Charlie Brown says, "Last year Joe batted .143 and made some spectacular catches of routine fly balls. He also threw out a runner who had fallen down between first and second." The most sig-

continued

Card leaders this season are Joe Torre, new catcher, and Bob Gibson. Swilled up, old leader Stan Musial talked about team's problems.

nificant of the signs, however, went up over Gibson's own locker. It read: "Another happy family sold."

The Cardinals had been a happy family. In recent seasons they had grown accustomed to a style of living and traveling unheard of in major league baseball. They traveled by chartered jets and last year were all treated to accommodations generally reserved for managers and club vice-presidents: individual hotel rooms on the road. It meant something to be a Cardinal. The pay and other benefits were excellent, and all the Cardinals had to do was keep winning. Gusse Busch Jr. would provide for them amply.

But in 1969, after two consecutive National League championships, the Cards stopped winning. Their record of 87-75 was only the 11th best in baseball and they won exactly one more game than the Washington Senators. The team failed to drive in important runs and was shabby on defense. Normally a calm man, Devine sat and watched game after game and got madder and madder. The Cards threw to the wrong bases on defense and sometimes did not throw at all. Opposing runners stole with impunity and the St. Louis bullpen collapsed almost completely. Even so, there was so much talent on the club that no one could believe that the team would not rebound late in the season and somehow win the pennant.

"I would pick up the paper every day," says Maris, who retired at the end of the 1968 season to take over a Budweiser distributorship in Gainesville, Fla., "and look for some signs that the team was coming on and I kept telling people, 'Just wait! I still can't believe what happened to them.'"

"Our guys," said Stan Musial the other day, "weren't even thinking baseball. They couldn't concentrate. Maybe you can say that they weren't fat cats, but it certainly looked that way."

Because they had appeared on NBC-TV's Game of the Week so often and in the World Series, the Cardinal lineup, almost never platooned during the last three years, became the best known in baseball. The team attracted 5,784,000 customers from 1967 to 1969, most of them happy customers until last season. What especially rankled was the fact that two young Cardinal players, Bob Tolan and Wayne Granger, who had been traded to Cincinnati, were having

fine years in the very departments in which St. Louis was weak, driving in runs and in the bullpen. Tolan hit .305 and Granger came on in relief a record 90 times.

The valor of Gibson was never more evident than in 1969. Despite having few runs to work with, he started 35 games and completed 28 of them. He had to go to the 12th inning of the final game of the season to win his 20th, and the pattern of that struggle is almost typical of what he endured all year. He gave up no earned runs at all and the winning run was scored for him on a bases-loaded walk.

Gibson's qualities of leadership were probably best expressed last week by Culver, the man now often regarded as the "most mod" dresser in baseball. "I have never seen a pitcher more dedicated to baseball than Bob Gibson. We stood in the outfield together the other day and he talked about how his arm hurt him. He said it always hurt him but that he wasn't going to stop. He couldn't understand why so many pitchers refuse to pitch because their arms hurt. I learned something from him that day and a little bit each day after. The Cardinals are a first-class organization, and I should know because I came here from a second-rate organization, Cincinnati. Management makes things so tough over there that everyone ends up griping. That hurts the ball club. I never heard of the same thing happening to the St. Louis Cardinals."

One of the important men in the St. Louis attempt at a comeback is Torre. He hit a strong .289 last year, driving home 101 runs. He will switch from first base to catcher, where he replaces Tim McCarver, now with the Phils. "I'm working harder this spring than I ever have before," he said the other day. "Last year was my first with this organization, and McCarver was the team leader. Timmy is a remarkable guy and a great agitator. Every club needs a guy like that. You can say that some of the things that inspire and lift ballplayers are strictly high-school. So what? I've always felt that the catcher is the man who should lead the team, because everyone is looking in at him all the time. Gibson and I haven't sat down and talked about leadership, but each of us knows what must be done."

"I've read most of the things about Richie Allen. I have known and liked

Rich for a long time, and just wait and see what he will do over here. He will have some kind of a year!"

As the Cardinals approach the end of spring training they are still an enigma to some. The Cardinals are a running team with power, and there have not been many of those around in recent seasons. But they are also a drastically changed club that will be playing its home games in a changed field. Busch Stadium will be AstroTurfed by the time the season opens.

"AstroTurf," said Brock, "will change the style of baseball eventually, but I'm not sure it will until it is in all the ball parks. Anyway, I am not going to change my style of play because of AstroTurf. The advantage to it from a hitter's point of view is that ground balls get through the infielders and outfielders fast. The disadvantage is that it is also very difficult to hunt on AstroTurf because the ball gets to the fielder quickly. The best way to beat that is with a slap bunt that will go by the infielders. I have always worked on that."

"Look," he continued, "we had a bad year last year. We seemed to be in every game we played until the eighth or ninth inning and then we would lose. That puts the pressure on you because you take the games home with you and worry about them. Players say they don't do that but they certainly do. It's a lot better to be beaten 10-2 than 2-1 because you have the feeling you will bounce back after a 10-2 loss, but those close games you lose keep getting to you. That's what happened to us in 1969. We will hit more this year."

With their hive of explosive and temperamental personalities and with so many perilous obstacles ahead, the Cards obviously will be an interesting team to watch early in the season. Allen can make or break them in 1970, and it has been suggested that getting into a Cardinal uniform after his difficult years in Philadelphia will bring out the best in him, just as a potion transformed the discouraging Mr. Hyde. If it does, and the team catches fire, there could be a world of difference in Gusse Busch's state of mind. He might even learn to love Steve Carlton again.

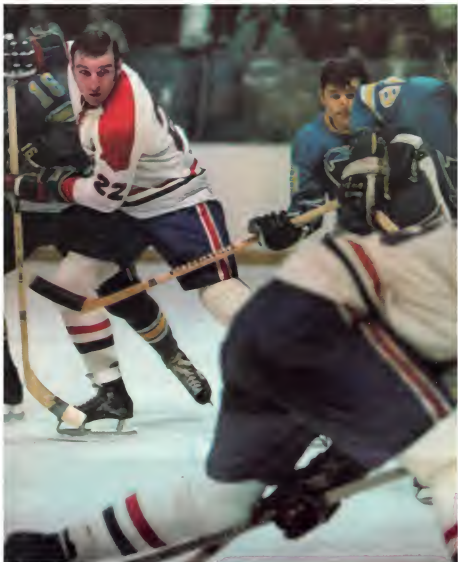
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New Redbirds who must help carry them in 1970 are fiery Jose Cardenal, the versatile Carl Taylor and mad Pitcher George Culver.



UP JUMP THOSE PORE LI'L CANUCKS

It was win or perish last week for the Montreal Canadiens, and win they did as Jean Beliveau and John Ferguson helped patch up some cracks in the Quebec dynasty by **MARK MULVOY**



Was it all in the mind or was a sharp new wave of anti-American sentiment actually sweeping through Montreal early last week? Canadian customs inspectors at the airport seemed to be double-checking the identification and baggage of visitors from the United States. One had the impression that change clerks were carefully authenticating U.S. dollars before paying the 7.5-cent conversion premium, that the minims-maxis French girls at Chez Bourget suddenly were not speaking their very good English anymore, that waiters were spilling an unusual amount of onion soup into American laps.

If all this was so, there could be only one reason: the four U.S.-based teams in the National Hockey League's East Division had better records than the Montreal Canadiens. The Canadiens were down there in fifth place, three points out of fourth—and fifth place, of course, means you are kaput for the Stanley Cup playoffs. "I cannot imagine," said Jean Beliveau, the Montreal captain, "a Stanley Cup without the Canadiens playing in it." Beliveau, the classic hockey player, has led Montreal to the cup the last two seasons, four of the last five and nine of the last 14.

But the plight of Canadian hockey was not merely a provincial matter. It had become a national emergency. The Toronto Maple Leafs already have been all but eliminated from the playoffs. If Montreal does not make them it will be the first time in hockey history that a team from Canada has not competed for the cup. "If we fail," Beliveau said, "we will hear about it from everyone in Canada."

Confronted with this crisis, Montreal rallied brilliantly last week behind its two most valuable men—Beliveau and hardrock John Ferguson—and moved within a point of the fourth-place Detroit Red Wings. "It used to be that we always were playing for first place," Beliveau said, "but this year it will be tougher to get into the playoffs than it will be to win the Stanley Cup."

The Canadiens would not be in such distress if Beliveau had been able to play like the old Beliveau all season and Ferguson had not missed almost half the schedule because of injuries and a six-

game suspension. Jean and John represent the absolute extremes of hockey players. Beliveau, now 38 years old, is tall and strong, an effortless skater, a precise shooter, an adroit playmaker, a persistent checker. He is the complete hockey player—and the silent leader of the Canadiens. Ferguson skates with great effort but he gets there, and when he does he usually stops himself by running into one of the enemy. He is the Canadiens' cop, the bodyguard for the smaller players on the Montreal team. He is the Canadiens' noisy leader.

When Ferguson plays, the fleet Montreal forwards skate recklessly, knowing he is around to protect them. When he does not play, these same forwards look as though they are out for a quiet afternoon of public skating.

"I sat in the press box one night," Ferguson said, "and watched one of our forwards get belted to the ice. Three other Canadiens were standing around but they never made a move." What did Ferguson do? "I peeked up my chair and threw it," he said. So far this year he has broken his thumbs and cracked a bone below his right eye.

For Beliveau it has been an equally frustrating season. There he is, the greatest winner in hockey history, with 10 regular-season championships and those nine Stanley Cups. Now he wants to do what basketball's Bill Russell did last year: lead his team into the playoffs and win the last championship. Like Russell, Beliveau will not say it will be his last championship, but those who know him expect that No. 4 will be retired at the end of the season.

Typically, Beliveau blamed himself for most of the Canadiens' recent problems.

"If I had played my game all the time," he said, "maybe the others would have played better. When I pass the puck, I pass it a split second too late. When I shoot it, I shoot it a split second too late. That is what happens when you are 38 years old."

Jean started the season strongly but then cracked a bone in his ankle early in December. He missed a month of the schedule and when he did return he could skate only 45 seconds of a two-minute shift. "I had no wind, no resistance," he said. "Each night I hoped I would jump on the ice and feel that I could skate the whole game. But it never happened."

As the fifth-place Canadiens returned

home last week after a four-game losing stretch, Beliveau had only 12 goals on the year. "That does not matter anymore," he said. "We have 13 games left, and we all have to start playing like Canadians again."

They did that night as Montreal beat the New York Rangers 5-3. The Canadiens forcechecked persistently, and Ferguson, roaming the ice, hit everyone he encountered. It was a costly victory, though, for Serge Savard, the Canadiens' most versatile player, broke his leg in the third period.

"I would give the two points back to have Serge for the rest of the season," Beliveau said.

At practice Thursday, Coach Claude Ruel talked about Savard's injury. "We Canadiens," he said, "can give no excuses. When Savard gets hurt we got to bring up someone just like him. When Beliveau got hurt we had to have another Beliveau ready. Some with Ferguson. Now, you tell me, where are there hockey players like these men?"

The Canadiens flew to St. Louis Friday afternoon for a Saturday matinee with the Blues. "This is a big game," Beliveau said at dinner. "If we lose we get in a bad frame of mind." Beliveau thought it might be the most important regular-season game he would ever play.

After dinner Jean looked into the lounge of the restaurant. Jo Plummer was singing *That's Life*. "Each time I find myself flat on my face I pick myself up and get back in the race. . . ." He smiled, then walked outside.

On Saturday Jean scored after 78 seconds of play, beating Glenn Hall with a perfect forehand drive on a two-on-one break. Still, after two periods the score was tied 2-2. Early in the third period Ferguson busted in toward the goal and deflected a pass from Bob Rousseau. It proved to be the winning score. After that the Canadiens turned on the power and won easily 6-2. "The biggest period of the year," Beliveau said. "We're right there again. No question about it."

After Sunday's 3-3 tie with Toronto the Canadiens headed west for games with Los Angeles and Oakland. Realizing the importance of the trip, the Montreal management moved the players out of their regular Oakland motel and into a hotel on Nob Hill in San Francisco. Waiters are advised not to spill any soup on John Ferguson.

END



Sam Lacey, New Mexico State's top rebounder, dominated Drake.

It will be close when the four best college teams in the country meet in Maryland for the national title. But UCLA, always toughest when the games mean most, should win again

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

EVEN END TO AN EVENTFUL YEAR

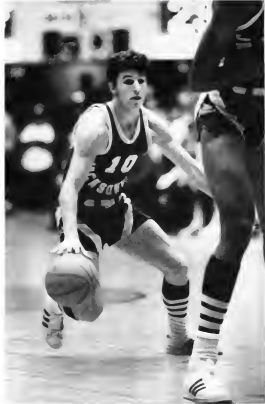
It would be 12 long weeks before they would come together, emerging—as the final teams always seem to do—through trial, torment, talent and, mostly of course, sheer perseverance. But under that warm Hawaiian moon in late December they were linked only in conversation as Joe Williams sipped his coconut chi chi drink. "I know, I've got a dog schedule, but I also know I've got a good team," he said of his Jacksonville Dolphins, who were in the Islands for a vacation and, as an after-

thought, a few games. "The guards are solid, we've got the superheight and, dammit, I know we can play with anybody. All I want is a chance."

That same evening Artis Gilmore, Jacksonville's 7' 2" center, sat and stroked his goatee as he heard the news from the mainland: on the West Coast, UCLA, the Aquarius of the age in college basketball, had struggled again and just slipped by Princeton. On the East Coast Bob Lanier had scored 50 points in Madison Square Garden as St. Bon-

aventure won the Holiday Festival. Gilmore thought about all of that for a moment and looked up smiling. "So," he said, "Bob Lanier. That dude must really be something. And UCLA . . . one point over the Ivy League. This is turning into a very interesting year."

Indeed, as Gilmore and everybody else connected with the sport was to observe in its first full season free of that common ache and pain known as the Alcindor Syndrome, the meanderings of the basketball have been alternately weird,



Playmaker Vaughn Wedeking rose to his full height (5'10") to help save Jacksonville

heartbreaking, exhilarating and fascinating as it bounced its way to College Park, Md. for the finals this week of the NCAA tournament. There, hard by the nation's capital, the showdown will come when Jacksonville, St. Bonaventure and UCLA are joined by New Mexico State for a group exercise which, for once in Washington, can hardly be said to represent the heartland of America. All four are from the edges of the country, two from cities on the brink of the oceans and two from towns just a last break away from Canada and Mexico.

That one of the teams does not come intact with all of its arsenal is a serious disappointment to those who suspect-

ed—with reason—that this would be the closest competition among the final four in years. Unlike most other seasons, this one had produced four teams for the championship with size, speed, good shooting, individual stars, team play, fine coaching and nary a dark horse or a fluke among them. The Eastern final especially was to be an intriguing matchup of towering postmen, Gilmore vs. Lanier, a veritable Thunder Road.

Then suddenly it was not. For as anyone already knows who has not been blinded by a stray eclipse or rendered deaf and dumb by his friendly neighborhood bomber, St. Bonaventure's graceful, ubiquitous Lanier will not be a par-

ticipant in College Park. With 9.39 to go in the Bonnies' 97-74 rout of Villanova in the Eastern regional final, Lanier was accidentally buckled from behind by Villanova's Chris Ford, who had trapped going for a rebound, and the Big Cat went down. Lanier continued playing, but after 34 seconds, he called time out, walked to the bench with a slight limp and told Coach Larry Weise, "I can't move." Lanier had torn the medial collateral ligament in his right knee, and that night he went home to Buffalo on crutches for an operation.

"This puts a crimp in the festivities," said Mike Kull in a Bonaventure dressing room shocked into silence following the game. The atmosphere was all the more somber because the Bonnies knew that their teammate's college career had come to an end on a meaningless play long after St. Bonaventure had wrapped up the regional. The rest of the contestants in Columbia, S.C., in fact, could have just as well mailed in their performances rather than show up, so dominant was St. Bonaventure last weekend.

As any local citizen would—and dad—tell you, the only team which might have tested the Bonnies was there all along, watching from the sidelines. Bumper stickers proclaiming "Dump the ACC" and signs ranging from "To Hell with the Asinine Conference of the Country" to more colorful obscenities showed the visitors, especially South Carolina's conqueror in the ACC tournament—N.C. State—where community feelings stood. St. Bonaventure was exhorting by everybody from airport baggage-handlers to movie-house cashiers to "kill" State. Some dormitory residents went so far as to hang out "Go Bonnies" banners.

"If I was State, I wouldn't even show up," said Lanier on Thursday afternoon. "Bull," said Gene Fahy, a teammate. "The marquee of their hotel says 'Welcome, N.C. State.' Our sign says 'Franks and Beans 'Eighty-Five Cents.' This is ACC country."

Still, what with the Franciscan fathers of St. Bonaventure, the Augustinians of Villanova and the Vincentians of Niagara all on hand, the Bible Belt ACC country had never seen such religion. "At a tournament like this you find out who's closer to God," said Fred Handler, the St. Bonaventure assistant coach.

In the first game Villanova stayed closer to Calvin Murphy than to the Denty and ran away from Niagara 98-73, while

continued

N.C. State had no answers for Lanier as St. Bonaventure won 80-68. These developments set up what should have been a close rematch of a game earlier in the season, when Villanova handed the Bonnies their only defeat, 64-62, on a disputed play near the finish. But this time Lanier, with help from his smaller but quicker forwards, Matt Gantt and Bubba Gary, took the boards away from the Wildcats early on and the game was over by halftime.

Before his premature end, Lanier was asked how he would go about beating his own team. "I'd front me, surround me and gamble on us missing from outside," he said. "When you cut off the pass to the corners and collapse inside, we're hurting."

This sounds suspiciously like what Jacksonville would do, though of course the Dolphins do not play defense as mortal man knows it. However, just the presence of Gilmore and his shot-blocking prowess—literally, he is as noble as Lanier, just as quick and three inches taller—probably would have cut off half of the effectiveness of the Big Cat inside. That could have been enough for Jacksonville, with superior personnel through the rest of the lineup, to win. Without Lanier now, St. Bonaventure is no closer to Drake nor to the final game in College Park.

In the Midwest Regional at Columbus, Ohio, Gilmore contributed 54 of the 848 total points scored by Jacksonville, Kentucky, Iowa and Notre Dame. But in such an assemblage of bazooka gunners, the first defensive move should have brought a standing ovation—and Gilmore was one of the few men to make such a move. It came shortly after he and Kentucky's 6' 8" star, Dan Isel, had traded baskets to open their teams' battle for the regional title. Isel started a drive into the lane, went up for his shot and was practically decapitated when Gilmore slammed the ball away. Psychology or no, the game may have turned right then, for Isel was visibly shaky the rest of the afternoon.

The Dolphins, sparked by Chip Dublin, who came off the bench to score 19 points, led 72-60 before Isel began to assert himself with nine straight points. But as he moved downcourt to set up on offense with 10 minutes to play, Isel slammed into Vaughn Wedeking for his fifth foul and went to the bench in tears. Kentucky gamely fought back to

within two points with slightly more than a minute to go, but Rex Morgan's one-bander and his two-free throws saved it for Jacksonville 106-100.

Meanwhile, Jacksonville barely escaped from the clutches of Iowa when Pembroke Burrows rebounded Wedeking's 25-footer with three seconds left to win 104-103. Presumably, the Dolphins' good fortune was emanating from Joltin' Joe Williams' white double-breasted sports coat—a 36th birthday gift from his players that Williams purchased especially for the NCAA tournament. "I tried to get an outfit Aris would like," said the new scourge of men's wear.

Though the Dolphins won the strongest regional, they have yet to face a good defensive team in the tournament, and their inability to protect the ball at the end of both victories in Columbus may be a portent of things to come against the winner in the West.

New Mexico State's burr-haired coach, Lou Henson, does not have a white sports coat, but lately he has gone to buckle shoes and plaid slacks in order, as he says, "to conform to my team." His brilliant one-on-one guard, Jimmy Collins—who led the Aggies in their victories over Kansas State 70-66 and Drake 87-78 for the Midwest Regional championship—says Henson may "break out a pair of bell-bottoms any day now. I believe he can't grow hair, but lately he's been trying to come out in other ways."

Four weeks ago New Mexico State came out with red and white buttons declaring *Namero Uno*, but their prospects for that magic number looked extremely dim late in the game with Kansas State. The Wildcats, taking 27 more shots and 14 more rebounds than the taller Aggies, came from 18 points behind to grab the lead before Henson went to what Drake Coach Maury John smilingly referred to as "his Jimmy Collins offense." Automatically, as it happened, his teammates cleared out a side for him, and Collins scored nine points down the stretch as New Mexico State pulled away.

Drake, which had abandoned its Zombie Jamboree defense ("back-to-back, belly-to-belly") for a 1-3-1 zone to defeat Houston 92-87, figured to contain the Aggies' size with the same zone. But their man-to-man worked more efficiently, and they played New Mexico State even for 10 minutes in the title game. Then Henson inserted sophomore Mil-

ton (Roadrunner) Horne who, to the marvelous cheers of "Woouoo . . . beep-beep. Woouoo . . . beep-beep" from 100 State fans up from Las Cruces to Lawrence, Kans., dribbled rings around the Drake defense and put New Mexico State permanently in command by 10 points. In a complete reversal of his sorry performance against Kansas State, the Aggies' 6' 10" Sam Lacey dominated the boards while Collins, Horne and little Charley Criss combined for 53 points from the backcourt.

"The only thing that will scare us is a club with three soul brothers eight feet tall," said New Mexico State Assistant Ed Murphy before the regional. However, to meet Jacksonville, which has two brothers seven feet tall, the Aggies will have to get by UCLA—their nemesis the past two years when NMS, trapped in the Western Regional, slowed the ball down and lost. "This year we think our running game will give us a chance to win," says Henson.

The Aggies' backcourt is quicker than UCLA's. If their guards can withstand what certainly will be some sort of pressing game by the Bruins and not fold up their gun arms at the same time, New Mexico State can win. History, however, dictates that the big games are won underneath, and there UCLA would seem too strong and swift for even such a physical aggregation as the Aggies.

In the Western Regional at Seattle, the plot thickened in the beginning and toward the end, but when the drama was over UCLA—that ageless heavy—had won again. "Long Beach doesn't like us, Washington doesn't like us, nobody likes us," said a Bruin cheerleader. "Yeah," giggled an unconvicted friend. "All we do is win."

The Bruins' first opponent—Cal State Long Beach—came to the Northwest the same way it had entered the big time in Los Angeles, as the new kid in town just itching for a shot at the bully down the street. Coach Jerry Tarkanian, a whirling dervish sort, counted on Sam Robinson and George Trapp, both 6' 8", to neutralize UCLA's big men inside a 1-2-2 zone, but admitted he was "scared spitless" at the prospect. From the beginning, it was a backyard squabble in more ways than one—many of the Long Beach players have faced the UCLA players during summer games at 109th Street in Watts—but the 49ers, who had the nation's longest winning

continued

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SALES BY EXCLUSIVE



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Add a lot of luxury to your leisure. Behind the wheel of the 1970 Fleetwood Eldorado, you'll enjoy a new dimension in motoring pleasure. Performance as brilliant as its bold styling. The only luxury car with front-wheel drive, variable-ratio power steering and Automatic Level Control, Eldorado expresses the spirit of the seventies most vividly with its exclusive 8.2 litre V-8 engine. Together they respond to driving demands with the precision and the smoothness you'd expect Cadillac to build into the world's finest personal car. Leisure was never so exciting and luxurious.

Cadillac  '70

Follow the Masters golf telecast, presented by Cadillac, April 11 and 12, CBS-TV.

streak (19 games) were never in st. Henry Bibby, the Bruins' talented sophomore, made five long baskets over the zone while the UCLA defense cut off Cal State's strong board game, and the bully won easily 88-65.

Two days later Seattle newspapers gave Utah State, which had beaten Santa Clara in the final seconds 69-68, no chance against UCLA. "The task is Herculean," wrote one reporter. "In fact, Hercules himself might blanch at the assignment." Coach LaDell Anderson's Aggies did not blanch, but in the end they were destroyed 101-79.

As they make their way to the finals once again—this time as the only conference team remaining in the playoffs—the Bruins are different in every way from the three-time defending national champions. Bibby is their leader, the coolest Bruin of all, as were Walt Hazard and Mike Warren, sophomores before him. But their strength is in speed and execution up front where Sidney Weeks, Curtis Rowe and Center Steve Patterson pose innumerable problems—even for an Artus Galmore.

In that ironic meeting that seems inevitable—John Wooden against the Big Man—the Bruins' coach would probably be forced to use a zone, which he abhors. He beat Oregon State with it earlier in the year, but it looked bad against Oregon, and UCLA lost. Still, one wonders if John Wooden will ever lose when it counts.

A few weeks ago he sat at his desk in Los Angeles and pulled out a sealed envelope. Inside were his predictions, made at the beginning of the season, on the outcome of all UCLA games. He makes these selections every year and does not open the envelope until the end. He was asked if, in the three years of Lew Alcindor, he had picked any losses. He said yes.

"How many?"

"Not many."

"Did you pick the loss in the Astrodome?"

"No," he smiled.

"Did you pick the other loss [to Southern Cal]?"

"Anybody who predicts an undefeated season is a fool," he said.

The thought prevails that John Wooden picked UCLA to lose a few again this season. It is safe to say he did not predict that any of those would happen in College Park.

END

PRONOUNCE IT "TANKER-RAY"



*If this were an ordinary
gin, we would have put
it in an ordinary gin bottle.
Charles Tanqueray*

To Wendell Rosso, buying a thoroughbred is like buying a carload of bananas for his supermarkets, because "there is a chance to make a profit." So now he's waiting for his \$405,000 Sea-Bird filly to make Dollar No.1

by PAT RYAN

THE MERCHANDISE IS HORSES



Millionaire Wendell Rosso has a king-sized bed. One week he sleeps on one side of it and the next week on the other side. That way he only has to use his apartment building's washing machine twice a month, which cuts laundry costs in half. When Rosso comes to New York on business trips, he brings some sandwiches along in a paper bag. Things are more reasonable back home in Norfolk, Va.

There is only one thing in which Rosso is not frugal and prudent, and that is in his involvement with racehorses. He bets on them heavily and he buys them prodigally. As a bettor, he is quite capable of losing \$20,000 at the track on

any afternoon. He wagers such sums fairly casually. He tells of once putting \$2,000 on a horse at Bowie and realizing after the horses broke from the gate that he had bought tickets on the right number, but the wrong race.

It is in the past 20 months that Rosso has extended his high-stake gambling to the ownership of racehorses. At the Kentucky sales in July 1968, he paid a record high of \$405,000 for a Sea-Bird filly. In a bidding duel he bested Charles Engelhard, one of the thoroughbred sport's tycoons. The animal Rosso bought was a year old, unbroken and untried. A month later she was attacked with a pitchfork by an angry groom, or so the story goes. Now 3, she is still untrained and has hardly worked up a sweat. She costs Rosso \$25 a day—which is probably more than he spends on himself—to keep in training, but he is unperturbed. "I've got expectations, she may be the champion 3-year-old filly this year," he says with a gambler's optimism. Three Sea-Bird colts that he purchased for \$197,000 at the same sale have not been earning their oats either: one has won \$3,932, one, \$2,750, the other nothing, but the year is young and Rosso persists in being cheerful. "Buying horses is the same as buying a carload of merchandise," he says. "There is a chance to make a profit."

Rosso is no business innocent; he parlayed an open-air fruit and vegetable stand in Norfolk into a multimillion-dollar chain of supermarkets. Even as a child of 12 he was using ingenuity in making money. Not satisfied with the \$5 a week he earned sweeping out his father's tailor shop and running errands, he enrolled in a correspondence course in raising poultry. Soon the attic was full of broilers, and there was a hen house in the backyard. When his hens began laying poorly in the dark days of midwinter, young Rosso rigged up lights in the chicken house that could be turned off and on from his bedroom. He would set his alarm for 4:30 a.m., reach out of bed to switch on the hen-house lights and then go back to sleep. "There were always eggs in the nest by the time I left for school," he says.

Rosso is now 58, and he owns a shopping center, food processing and wholesaling firms and 29 supermarkets

in the Tidewater area of Virginia. Some of the stores operate 24 hours a day, and some are so elaborate they have banquet rooms on the mezzanine. Rosso has more than 3,000 people working for him, and since he had a severe automobile accident several years ago, he has more or less retired. But in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. this month, when he wasn't at the beach or a horse park, he was bargaining with local wholesalers for such things as a trailer full of chrysanthemums and stopping to sample produce at Cuban food stands in South Miami.

Rosso has been around racetracks for years, one of those anonymous men with rolls of big bills. Even before his semi-retirement, action at the \$100 window was his relaxation, and through the winter months he would fly north to Bowie every Saturday morning with his wad and his binoculars. No matter how bad the horses were, Rosso played them and played them big. He'd bet \$2,000 a race on horses at the half-milers, and if a man has survived that hazard with any optimism and any cash, he is certainly experienced enough to become a thoroughbred owner.

Three years ago Rosso bought his first horse, a \$10,000 claimer named Gem Richmond. "He was a beautiful animal and would have been a top-allowance horse," Rosso says, "but he developed green osselets. He won me a race after a year and I lost him for \$3,500." Then came Clever Kid. "If he didn't have a spur on the knee, he would have been a helluva horse," Rosso declares. "Rags Regalbuto, the boy who exercised him, used to say, 'If only he was sound . . . if only he was sound.' I claimed another horse called McGun. He was fast, but he had a bad ankle and I had to give him away. And I bought a few others—Mr. W. Harrison was one; but he fractured a sesamoid."

Weathered by these disappointments, and wiser, Rosso decided to get out of the claiming market and try buying the best racing stock available. "I've decided to go for the tops," he explains. "I'm not satisfied with mediocrity. As a businessman I buy the best equipment for my supermarkets. The best freezer does not break down as often. I believe the same reasoning should apply to racehorses. If you work with quality material, the profits are automatic. If equipment breaks down in the store, I have a crew of top mechanics. For my horses I

continued

FRAMED SEA-BIRDS surround Rosso, back home after a day of big betting in Florida.



ROSSO PETS HIS REINE, WHO MIGHT RECOUP HER COST DESPITE LITTLE RACING

have a top trainer. The basic principles are the same. Handle the best merchandise with the best equipment and the best available crew and tools."

Having settled on his new credo, Rosso set out in July 1968 for Lexington, Ky. for the Keeneland yearling sales. He was especially interested in some colts and a filly by Sea-Bird. Rosso had seen Sea-Bird win the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris, and he had carefully saved for years some newspaper clippings in which Sea-Bird was called one of the great horses of the century. Rosso had decided by the time he arrived in Lexington that he had to have a Sea-Bird. He heard talk around the sales paddocks that the prize of the auction was a filly, a half sister to two classic winners, by Sea-Bird out of Libra. "I was going to get her if it killed me," he says. But platinum king Charles Engelhard, who owned the filly's two half brothers, was equally determined to have her. Engelhard is a large figure in racing, a powerful presence who seldom is denied when he sets out to make a purchase at a yearling auction. Rosso appeared to be a nondescript little man in a wash-and-wear shirt and a bow tie. As a hushed arena watched, the two men battled and the bidding spiraled: \$200,000 . . . \$275,000 . . . \$325,000 . . . \$375,000 . . . \$390,000. "Four-hundred thousand," Engelhard declared firmly. He was sweating.

"Four-hundred-five thousand," Rosso said. And that was it. The Sea-Bird belonged to a Virginia gracer.

"There's more people who eat bananas than buy platinum," Rosso said cockily later. "I'll guarantee I'll make more money by just selling my bananas for half a cent a pound." Swept up in the excitement of the auction, Rosso bought not only the filly but three Sea-Bird colts as well.

The four yearlings were sent to Middleburg, Va., sleek, unmarred golden-red animals. Rosso had them photographed and the pictures, framed in gold and green, his racing colors, hang in the dining area of his Fort Lauderdale apartment. As Rosso quickly learned, though getting bananas to market has its hazards, they hardly compare with what can happen to a horse. A month after he purchased her, the filly, which Rosso had named Reine Enchanteur ("I call her Reine," he says), was found in her stall one morning with puncture wounds in a knee and leg. The wounds were apparently from a pitchfork. Rosso believes that a disgruntled groom attacked Reine Enchanteur in the middle of the night, knowing she was the most valuable horse in the stable. Luckily, the pitchfork missed the vital joints, but it was six months before the swelling completely subsided.

Reine Enchanteur's training was finish-

ly resumed, and Rosso's spirits rose, only to be dampened again when the filly bucked her shins and had to be sent to the farm and poulticed (which is the equivalent of having a severe bruise tattooed with a hot iron). Last November she came back to the track but then decided not to cut for a while, which delayed her training. And now, well, right now she has a minor foot ailment. Which is what horse owning is all about. If there are no further mishaps, Rosso and his trainer George Poole will have Reine Enchanteur make her debut this spring at Aqueduct. And Rosso is still confident about his \$405,000 investment. "I have a right to have expectations about her," he says. "I know she is fast, quick and smart. If someone offered me half a million dollars for her, I don't know whether I would take it or not, I'd have to think about it." Others are less optimistic about the filly's racing potential. A horseman who saw Reine Enchanteur work out last year was unimpressed. "They better bathe her in holy water before sending her to the post," he said, "because it'll be a miracle if she wins much of anything."

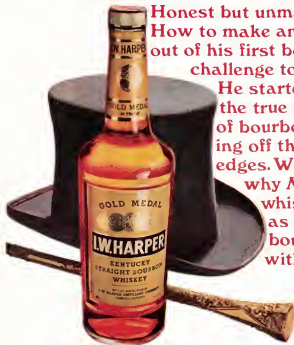
Even if she is not much of a race-mare, there are ways one might recoup her purchase price, besides using her as a tax write-off. For one thing, Reine Enchanteur probably should be racing, or at least trying to race, in England or France, for she is bred to go long distances and the sprints in the U.S. are not likely to suit her. In England it is often possible for an animal of limited capabilities to win a race with a fine-sounding name like the Roseberry Stakes or the Lymington Stakes. These are small events that often draw few starters and that are held at such undistinguished tracks as Teesside and Folkestone. But on Reine Enchanteur's record such victories would look just fine. She then could be gracefully retired from competition and bred to Ribot, the sire of her successful half brothers. She and her foal would command a price equal to, if not more than, what Rosso paid for her.

However, when Rosso decided to send one of his Sea-Bird purchases abroad, he picked Par Excellent, a colt from the same family as Arts and Letters, for which he paid \$102,000. "I figured with his breeding, and being a colt, he would have more chance to win this year's Arc de Triomphe," Rosso says. "He is trained at Chantilly by the man who

continued

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had Sea-Bird." Par Excellence did win one of his two starts last year—a \$3,932 maiden event (Rosso flew to Paris in a cargo plane to see the horse run)—which is enough to keep Rosso's Arc hopes afloat. Rosso is admittedly less enthusiastic about his other two Sea-Birds, but then they cost him less. One, bought for \$30,000, could not keep his mind on racing, so he was gelded and is at present recovering on a New Jersey farm; the other, Son Excellence, purchased for \$65,000, finally won last week after losing eight straight. Despite the red ink on his ledger, Rosso went back to Keeneland last July and bought three more yearlings—though no more Sea-Birds—for a total of \$215,000. Plainly, he is enjoying himself. On the afternoon of the recent Flamingo Stakes he was sitting happily in his box high up in the Hialeah stands. He consulted his notes on his program as the feature race neared and reported he was already \$20,000 down for the day. But he seemed unfazed. He stayed through the 10th race and then walked slowly down the track's elegant arched stairway, across the paddock and into the barn area. The shed rows were quiet. Rosso moved down one, stopped at a stall and looked in. There was his beloved Reenie, pretty as a dining room picture. He petted her affectionately and promised her sugar, and then in the gathering Florida dusk, he moved to his car, a gold Cadillac parked by the barn. An hour later he was in his apartment on the beach in Fort Lauderdale. There he tossed his losing pari-mutuel tickets into a Carnation milk carton. It held hundreds of others. On a table was a silver plate, a trophy won for him not by one of his Sea-Birds but by a claimer. There was not the slightest aura of disappointment about the man, no losing-gambler's anger, no unfulfilled-owner's annoyance.

Rosso went into the kitchen. He likes to cook, and he brought out of the refrigerator for close inspection a pot of chicken soup. He sniffed it once, forecast its excellence and explained that he had made it from chicken necks for which he paid five cents a pound, and that the whole pot cost only 25 cents.

Later, sitting in the dining room, he looked up at the pictures of the four Sea-Birds—\$602,000 worth of horseflesh: "Don't you think that the way they look they really ought to be fast?" he said.

END

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Antonio y Cleopatra
the cigar that's going places



Sparring partners like Danny Andrews are paid only for working with name fighters, and even then the pay is peanuts. Danny is good at his profession. He does not hit hard, so you can't get hurt, but he makes you think

by HARVEY ARONSON

He arrives at the gym a little after 5 p.m., undresses in the narrow, gray locker room and puts on his red sweat trunks. The lockers are labeled uniformly: the first initials and last names of fighters are printed on white backgrounds that are shaped like boxing gloves, but his locker also has the full name, DANIEL ANDREWS, on it.

He comes outside into the gym proper, a chocolate-eyed black man shuffling across the scraped, gray floor on sandaled feet. His short Afro cut hugs his head like Persian lamb, and his shoulders are hunched slightly forward the way they are when he is in the ring. "That's Danny Andrews," says a man who is pointing him out. "He's sparred with Griffith and a lot of other good fighters."

He walks past the sign that says PLEASE DON'T BE AFRAID TO THROW GARBAGE IN WASTE BIN and heads for the old-fashioned white radiator on the far side of the ring, where he had hung his rinsed-out T shirt the night before. THE CONCORD, it says in faded green letters across the front of the shirt and, for Danny Andrews, the name of the Catskill resort is a royal crest. The shirt represents two visits he made to the Concord to work as Emile Griffith's sparring partner. He was there for three weeks last year, and three weeks the year before that. He earned \$100 a week plus room and board, and he had a good time. "I ate in the big dining room, and I went to the shows," he says. "And I met lots of people."

It is also relevant that he sparred with a man who

continued

CLANCY'S GYM IS DANNY'S TURF





ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID ROICE

has been a world champion. Danny Andrews is 29 and he has achieved an outstanding lack of success in his six years as a professional prizefighter. He has won only 10 of his 33 bouts; he has drawn two and lost 21. He still sees himself as a fighter, but it does not offend him if someone else describes him as a sparring partner. The names of most of the men he has fought are obscure, but he has been a sparring partner for such top boxers as Carlos Teo Cruz, Frankie Narvaez, Curtis Cokes, Don Fullmer, Ismael Laguna and Griffith. "I feel good that I'm able to go in and spar with those guys," he says. "Like you take Griffith. He's rough and he's strong and he's also smart. When you spar with someone like him, you know the manager picked you because he feels you can do the job. He just can't pick an ordinary guy."

Now in the gym, he pulls the Concord shirt over his broad chest—he weighs 150 pounds, is smoothly muscled with good shoulders, a slim waist and no fat—and he sits on a chair and puts on his boxing shoes. He unrolls his gray-white bandages and slowly wraps his hands. When he finishes the wrappings, another fighter secures the bandages with strips of adhesive tape. Then he wriggles into a leather cup and a trainer straps on his headgear. The trainer helps him into his gloves, and fingers grease across his face. He steps into the ring and the trainer gives him the mouthpiece that he bites into place. He moves about the ring loosening up as he waits for the buzzer that marks the passage of working time in the long, white-walled room.

This is Gil Clancy's gym on West 28th Street off Seventh Avenue in New York's garment district. The gym is part of the Teleslar Athletic Club, Inc. and Teleslar Sports Corporation, which are run by Clancy and Howie Albert, who manage fighters like Griffith and heavyweight prospect Forrest Ward. The building in which the gym is located also contains a fur company, a button manufacturer and a firm that makes costume jewelry. It is across 28th Street from a Spanish-American restaurant and an educational institution called Brown's Pressing School. The gym is on the fifth floor of the building and at the center of Danny Andrews' life. Danny works nights as a \$100-a-week maintenance man at York College in Bayside, Long Island, N.Y. and he sleeps days in a \$50-a-month room in a private home nearby in Corona. Each day he gets up at 3 or 4 in the afternoon and takes the subway to Manhattan. There is little opportunity to express oneself as a floor waxer, and Danny is faceless on the subway and on the streets of the city. But Gil Clancy's gym is his turf. In

the gym he is like a party regular in a local clubhouse.

The gym is no Concord, but it is not supposed to be a spa, and the dues are only \$10 a month. At the 28th Street end of the room there are two torn couches oozing stuffing as if someone had bayoneted them. There is a photograph of Dr. Martin Luther King above a pay phone,

and columns of numbers are scratched on the wall. Across the room past the shadow-

boxing mirrors, the exercise mat, the three body bags and the blue-and-orange braces for two speed bags,

there is the roped altar of the ring. Beyond the ring the radiator squats against the

wall, and dirty windows look out upon downtown

buildings that line up against each other like

gray cliffs. The locker room and the three-stall

shower room are partitioned off, and there is a

john and Emile Griffith's dressing room. Griffith no longer owns a title

but he is still an important fighter and he is royalty at

Clancy's gym, where a sign on the door of his cubicle says EMILE

GRIFFITH, PRIVATE. When Griffith works out, he is accompanied by a latter-

day squire who carries his equipment and wipes

him down. (On a recent afternoon Griffith kidded briefly with Danny, who kidded back. "You giving me that tough look," Danny said, and he glanced around to see if anyone had noticed him talking to Emile Griffith.)

There are fight posters on the gym walls advertising bouts at the Felt Forum and the Sunnyside Arena, and there is a NO SMOKING sign and a sign that says ONLY TWO (2) ROUNDS PER BOXER ON HEAVY BAGS WHEN OTHERS ARE WAITING. Next to an office a bulletin board carries an obituary of Rocky Marciano, a story about Jack Johnson and a sheet headed "Teleslar Men in Action." One item reports that "Emile Griffith outpointed Art Hernandez in their Sioux Falls, S. Dak. battle." Another tells how "Tom 'The Bomb' Bethen lost a split 10-round home-town decision to No. 2-ranking middleweight Carlos Monzon in Buenos Aires." Bethen is a compact puncher with whom Danny frequently spars, not for money but for their mutual education. "He's nice to spar with," says Danny. "You have to think about what you are doing."

The buzzer sounds. There is the whup-whup of fists digging into the heavy bags, and the boppy-boppy of fists racing against the speed bags. Managers, trainers and assorted hangers-on talk to each other and to fighters; there is more Spanish spoken than English. Kids from Sp'ish Harlem, who are the new minority group and have taken over what is left of boxing in New York, are represented in the gym, and there is also a delegation of Brazilians



who have been imported for fights in Madison Square Garden. Lightweight champion Ismael Laguna of Panama (Danny's book on Laguna is that "he's never there to hit") is stylishly skipping rope, and another lightweight is pounding his orange-gloved fists into a medicine ball held by a trainer. A tall, big-muscled young heavyweight with a mod haircut and a baby face is shadowboxing, a balding little pug is putting his aging body through hard labor on the exercise mat, and a 30ish man who comes to the gym just to work out is hitting a heavy bag—"I'll destroy this bag," he says, grinning. A Latin light heavyweight is working on one of the other body bags; perspiration has turned him into glistening ebony as he follows the instructions of a spindly, coat-sweatered man who is wearing dark glasses. The coat-sweatered man has eye trouble. His name is Sandy Soddler and he was once the feather-weight champion of the world.

In the ring Danny Andrews is boxing. He is shooting out jabs and using his forearms and elbows to block the hooks of a quick young Colombian welterweight named Rodrigo Valdes. Danny is competent, he knows how to stick and move and how to handle himself in close, but there is neither power nor fire—he is like a piano player who hits the right notes but lacks expression. Whereas Rodrigo Valdes is all fire, the arc in which he punches is a little too wide, perhaps, but he punches with force and he doubles up on his hooks. After the workout Danny will say, "The boy I sparred with today learned a lot from me." The following week Rodrigo

will knock out David Melendez, a red-hot New Yorker, in the Garden, and he will have the sort of headlines that Danny Andrews has never had. Sometimes Danny stands outside himself and looks at the Rodrigo Valdes of his world and thinks, "I could have been there, that should have been me." But it never happens. The gym is one thing, and the arena is another. When Danny fought the same David Melendez in June 1968, he lost an eight-round decision. Now, he spars in Clancy's gym, and men sit and stand around the ring watching, but they are not watching him. They are watching Rodrigo Valdes, who is a golden boy. They are not watching Danny Andrews, who is a sparring partner. If there is a credo for sparring partners, it was expressed some years ago by George Nicholson, an amiable heavyweight whose only claim to immortality is that he was Joe Louis' sparring partner. Nicholson's summation was reported by the late A. J. Liebling, and went as follows: "You can hire any kind of cheap help to get themselves hit. What you got to pay good money for is somebody that is

not going to get himself hit. By not getting himself hit, a sparring partner does more good to a fighter because he sets the fighter to studying why he ain't hitting him."

He could have been describing Danny Andrews, whose approach to his profession puts him in the best Nicholsonian tradition. "I'm a boxer," Danny says. "I'm not a very strong puncher." His record bears him out: only three of his 10 victories have come by knockouts. He is even more succinct when asked why he is neither punchy nor marked up—two characteristics usually associated with 21-time losers. "I'm strong on defense," he says.

"Some guys you spar," says Danny, "well, they like to try to bang a fighter. They try to kill him. I only go in there enough to keep him from killing me. I try to hold my cool and learn things."

Basically, 28th Street experts agree with this self-assessment. "He's a good sparring partner because he's a good mechanic," says Gil Clancy. "He knows all the moves. You don't want a big, clumsy guy who's gonna bust ribs. You want someone who can give your man a workout."

"Danny Andrews?" says Harold Weston, a trainer who helps administer the gym. "He makes you think. He's fast and he's a tough guy to hit. But he don't hit that hard, so you can't get hurt. Some guys put pressure on, and you don't need that."

Danny has never had to imitate another fighter's style while sparring. "No, they don't ask me to fight a certain way," he says. "You just try to give the guy

the kind of training he needs. What happens is that the guy's manager knows my style by being in the gym and seeing me. Like before Garliff's fight with Gypsy Joe Harris, I noticed Clancy telling him that I moved back and pulled away like Gypsy Joe Harris."

All of which supports Nicholson's description of a sparring partner's role as a defensive one. The only part of Nicholson's commentary that does not apply to Danny Andrews is the reference to "good money." To begin with, there is the general decline of boxing since the golden days of the small clubs that brought excitement to the big cities, and since the fast-money TV

days of the *Frady Night Fights*. Boxing is still around, but it has the anachronistic overtones of swang and the charlotte russe. Today the journeyman fighter cannot make anything approaching a living out of his profession. In his six years as a professional, Danny has never had a year when he netted more than \$1,000. The most he ever received for a single fight was \$400 for a main event in Canada. What with such expenses as trainer, cornerman, food and a medical exam-



continued

ination, he netted about \$275. He does not fight with any great frequency—the record book shows that he had just four matches in 1968 (he lost three)—and when he does fight he usually finds himself in with a local favorite in an eight-round supporting bout for which he receives about \$250 and nets \$200 or less.

As for sparring, Danny only gets paid when his adversary is a name fighter preparing for a match. If he makes a few hundred dollars a year from sparring, he's doing well. More often than not, he spars with another journeyman or with an aspiring youngster ("I'm good with newcomers," he says), simply to keep in shape. The best sparring pay he ever received was the \$100-a-week-plus-room-and-board he got for working with Griffith at the Concord. For sparring with someone like Ismael Laguna at Clancy's he gets from \$20 to \$25 for eight to 10 rounds. When he sparred with Don Fullmer before the latter's fight with Juarez DeLama last year, he earned \$35 for two days work, boxing three rounds a day.

This is not precisely the degree of success Danny Andrews envisioned when he was a kid in Sumter, S.C., watching fights on television and choosing his heroes from among such boxers as Holly Mills, Isaac Logart and Henry Hank. Danny was a teen-ager when he knew he would be a fighter. "I would earn money working on the farms around where I lived," he says, "so I could buy the right things to eat, the things they said you should have to be a fighter—cereals, milk, juice, things like that."

In 1958, a year after his father died, he left Sumter for Washington, D.C., where he lived with an aunt and became an amateur boxer. He still goes home to visit his mother, but he says he will never go home to stay. "You work in the furniture mulls down there. Here there are more places to work, more entertainment." He was still an amateur when he moved to New York in 1961. He won 15 of 22 fights as an amateur and was a Golden Gloves finalist in Washington, D.C., and a quarterfinalist in New York. In 1963 he turned pro. The book shows that he won two fights that first year, drew one and lost six. Danny has never won more than two fights in a row and has lost as many as nine in a row. Like most losing fighters, he blames his record on "bad decisions." He says he can remember most of his fights and contends, "I should only have about four losses." He started boxing at 142 pounds and grew to 150, which makes him a light middleweight. "Sometimes I might spot guys six or seven pounds," he says.

Danny had a manager when he turned pro, but managers are for winners, and they split up when their contract expired four years later. Like many club fighters, Danny picks up bouts through trainers, promoters and middlemen who hang around the gym. One recent afternoon, for instance, he was approached by a man who handles Latin American affairs at Clancy's.

"You got a passport?" the Latin American expert asked. Danny shook his head but said he might obtain one. "It's somewhere across the water," he said of the fight. "I could get \$700 for a fight like that. That's big money."

On another day in the gym Harold Weston said that he had gotten Danny a spot on an upcoming card in Washington. He said that Joe Shaw, a better-than-average mid-

dleweight, might be on the card. But he didn't know who Danny's opponent was.

"Don't make no difference who Danny fights," he said.

Danny Andrews' formal education ended in the ninth grade, and his choice of work is limited. Throughout his tenure as a prizefighter he has supported himself with a succession of outside jobs. He has worked as a construction laborer and he has been employed in a hospital linen room. For a while he was in training to be a hospital orderly but he quit because "I didn't like being around sick people as much as I thought I would." At another point he spent \$200 on a training program for would-be IBM operators but dropped out. "It was the typewriter thing," he says. "Not looking at the keys."

His immediate aspirations are simple ones. He would like to buy a new Dodge Charger, and he would like to marry his girl friend, Shirley McNeil, who works in a Harlem five & ten and has two small children by a previous marriage. Each evening he finishes working out at about 7 p.m. and takes the subway to Harlem to see Shirley. "Usually we watch television," he says. Then he goes to work.

Shirley is philosophical about Danny being a prizefighter. "I like it," she says. "It's great. Only I just don't want him to get hurt. I feel good if he feels good about it."

This is in the gym a few days after the fight in Washington. For the second time in his career, Danny had been stopped. The referee stopped the fight in the third round. "It was a home-town thing," Danny says. "In order to make the other guy look good they stopped it."

Was the other guy good?

"He was pretty good," says Danny. "But he didn't hurt me. Oh, he hit me a few jabs but I slapped them away. He hit a few right hands, they grazed me. The referee said he stopped it because it looked like I was out-classed and he didn't want me to get hurt. But the guy didn't hurt me. The referee knew I wasn't hurt."

There is a further ignominy. Shirley had gone down to Washington for the fight. It was the first time she had seen Danny box. Asked about it, she says loyally, "I was mad 'cause they stopped it."

But the technical knockout has made Danny pensive. A few weeks before, he said that he keeps on fighting because "You feel that someday you might meet one of the top guys and beat him. You could move up if you beat one top guy." Now he says he is thinking about quitting. "I told Shirley I might quit," he says. "If I want to quit, I'll quit. Sometimes I think I will, and then a man comes up with a good offer for a fight and my mind changes."

But he would continue to do what some people think he does best—he would continue to spar. "Even if I quit fighting, I will always be around the gym. It's something I like. And I could make extra money sparring, and I could keep in shape. Any of those top guys I go in there with, I can hold my own. Any of those guys getting ready for a big fight, they'd be glad to have me."

They probably would. It's like Harold Weston says. Danny Andrews is a good sparring partner. He doesn't hit hard, and he makes you think.

END

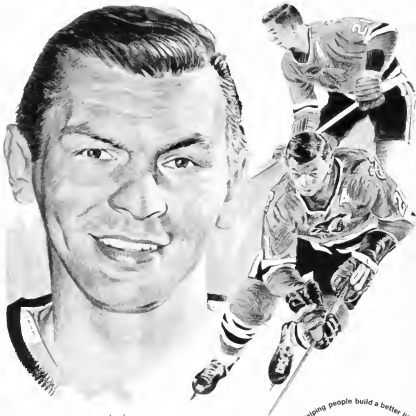
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PEOPLE

◆ That **Joe Namath** is about to make the scene with a bunch of dolls may not sound like news, but it is, for the reason that the dolls are literally dolls. Word is out that a 12-inch "action figure" of Broadway Joe is due to hit the toy market shortly. Created by the Mego Corporation, Joe will come equipped with a Jet uniform and a tiny football which he can actually pass. Available separately will be a dozen zippy outfits appropriate to the throwing of other sorts of passes—for instance the fur coat and the mod jacket with velvet pants and ruffled shirt shown below. Ken had better look to his Barbie doll, because the fact is that such innocents as *Baby Dolls* and *Cuddly Miss Peep* are simply going to be too young for a Joe Namath Action Figure. The toy industry might be wise to start work on a Dear Abby doll.

Admirers of the mystere **Samuel Beckett** may be stunned to learn that he has a keen interest in sports—in cricket especially—but a London paper assures its readers that it is so and reports that as a young man he played on the first 11 for Trinity College, Dublin. Some years ago

Beckett was put up for membership in the famed Marylebone Cricket Club. He declined, owing to ill health, but according to a club spokesman he remains "quite enthusiastic."

Senator Stephen M. Young of Ohio, who, at 80, still plays tennis, has discovered the perfect diet drink. No cyclamates, no saccharin—no nothing, in fact, over ice. With a plain glass of ice cubes, Young points out, umbrellas not only avoid the calories in booze, they can actually lose weight as they burn up calories—perhaps as many as 10 calories a glass—crunching all that ice with their teeth. O.K., as long as they don't crunch all those teeth with that ice.

Lester Pearson is a former prime minister of Canada, a former president of the U.N. General Assembly, a former Nobel Peace Prize winner—and a former semipro ballplayer who, in 1919, pulled down 50 bucks a week playing third base. Now the honorary president of the Montreal Expos, Pearson went to West Palm Beach, Fla. recently to check out his team in spring training and was introduced by the Expos' other pres-



ident, John McHale, as "a rookie who's reporting a little late." Pearson agreed. "I would have preferred to get here about 50 years ago," he said. "I was in better shape then."

◆ **Muhammad Ali**, sporting a Tone-O-Matic weighted belt for a forthcoming TV commercial, looked a bit punnier but still drew crowds on the Manhattan street corner where the commercial was being taped. "Hey, Cassius baby, what you doing?" yelled a passing truck driver. "Trying to find Joe Frazier; I got something for Frazier," Ali replied. But, in the meantime, he was throwing his weight behind Tone-O-Matic and Brut men's cologne. An ode to Brut:

"If you want something that's the very latest/Then you've got to try Brut, 'cause it's the greatest"—was a cliché for Ali. After the first take he boasted, "I write as good as these fellas and they're making the money." After the 23rd take he hedged a bit. "I'll stick to boxing. The fight would be over by now and I'd be home watching the reruns."

It is reported that **Jackie Gleason** wandered into the weekly meeting of the Norfolk, Va.

Sports Club at the Monticello Hotel recently and, baffled, asked, "Where the hell am I?" When informed, he revealed, "I used to be an athlete myself. A shotputter. I could put away more shots than anybody."

Adolph Rupp, whose tobacco holdings in Kentucky are considerable, has just been named state chairman of the American Cancer Society's fund-raising drive.

The Chiefy **Chuck Buchanan** did a 10-second bit in the film *M*A*S*H*, but not only were his lines cut ("They were kind of dirty"), he missed the Kansas City press screening of the picture because his wife was going out and he had to baby-sit. He got a second chance to make it big in show biz, though—he was asked to stand in for a star at the annual convention of the United Motion Picture Association. Buchanan, 6' 7", 287 pounds, attended the luncheon and graciously accepted **Candice Bergen's** award as Best New Female Star.

Monty Milhouse, 19-year-old second cousin of **President Nixon**, has made his rodeo debut in Fresno, Calif. "It's going to be my life," he says. "I'll probably be rodeoing until I can't walk any longer—I just like the excitement of riding a bull."

As a young man **Erskine Caldwell**, author of *Tobacco Road* and *God's Little Acre*, was a stringer for the *Macon, Ga. Telegraph*, which paid him \$2 a column to cover the town of Wrens. Wrens had at that time a population of about 1,000, and "nothing ever happened," Caldwell says, "except they had base-ball games which frequently ended up in a fight. So to have something to send in I went to all the games, and if a fight didn't materialize I wasn't reluctant about getting one started."





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Satanta, Kansas, population 2,000, former home of the Kiowa Indian tribe, is no man's land. The wind blows across its plains with a winter fury that seems to equate the lonely railroad tracks with the Trans-Siberian. Indeed, Moscow is just 14 miles away, deep in the southwestern corner of a state best known for its milers and its milo. Satanta, though, has something special.

There are Saturdays when maybe a hundred cars from places like Amarillo and Borger will make their way the 150 miles up the Texas-Oklahoma Panhandle. Or they will rumble down Highway 56 through legendary Dodge City, past fields of pumping oil derricks and aimless cows. They will look for the sign that says MILLER'S HEAD LOT, and they will park on all sides of a large graying barn. No weather will stop them, and neither will it deter the local residents, who hide their time at the Pic Theater or the Wigwam tavern on less auspicious nights. Saturdays belong to the Riverside Game Club.

The specialty at the Riverside Game Club is cockfighting, a pastime once favored by such regal personages as Julius Caesar and Henry VIII. But those were supposedly less civilized times, and today the sport is a very esoteric thing. Within the U.S. it is technically legal only in Arizona and Hawaii, but Oklahoma, New Mexico and Kansas have no laws against it (except on Sundays). So wealthy country gentlemen and farm kids from those bleak plains bring their birds to Satanta. They lay a bundle of cash on the line and get down in the pit to coach their charges and usually leave by midnight. And they come back Saturday after Saturday because, as they say, "It gets in your blood."

Jim Simons, a wholesale fruit-and-vegetable dealer from Amarillo, has a ring-side seat, and his eyes are fixed on the main pit, a fenced 20-by-20-foot square. "Hey, what you want to lay me, Sherrill?" he yells across. "I'll take the white, somebody give me 10 to 8." Sherrill Davis, who is in his early 20s and once won \$3,700 in this barn his dad built, knows his gamecocks; the white is stronger, and he is taking no bets.

The main pit is bordered on both sides

by smaller drag pits, to which a fight will move when the gamecocks wear down. But it is early in this match, and two fresh fowl are high in the air, wings piroouetting as they lash at each other with 2½-inch artificial gaffs attached to each spur. Long beaks whiplash toward the foe as the needle-sharp gaffs curve treacherously toward a sandy brown softness. When a gaff becomes embedded the referee will holler, "Handle," and the owners, who lean intensely over their gamecocks, will separate them and place them eight feet apart. And the sequence, opening with that midair piroouette, will start anew.

Hardrock Davis is sitting high in the south bleachers, watching about 100 people file through the doors at \$2 a head. Hardrock stands 5'9" and weighs 230 pounds, and it is primarily because of him that 14 chicken-fighters from four states have paid \$100 apiece to send five cocks after a \$1,500 pot. Hardrock himself has contributed \$100.

Hardrock took over the Satanta operation in 1968 when it was in almost total disarray. It was not long before he had erected a new set of bleachers, added a couple dozen old Beechnut-wadded seats donated by the Sublette theater, pointed everything a new white and even set up a refreshment room. Then there were the handbills—500 of them posted at Elks Lodges and VFW sites and downtown cafés—and 140 weekly bulletins, mailed all over Colorado, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Texas, Kansas and New Mexico.

Hardrock is watching his 14-year-old son Chuck, who tied for the money on the previous weekend, move toward the pit. "Guess it all started here around 1939, when Wad and Floyd Brown, old Pick Forgy and Andy Jones—those two are dead now—came in with a carbon plant," he says. "Now you get all classes of people. Be a guy here later from Texas who's worth several million dollars and just watches. Art Kimball, down there, has taught chickens for 35 years."

The sport, of course, goes back much farther than Art Kimball. The original gamecock, the Bankiba, lived thousands of years ago in the jungles of India. Cockfighting came to England in the 12th century and flourished around the courts of Jameses and Henrys until an act of Parliament abolished it in 1849. By then it had found a niche in the U.S., and gamecock historians note with pride that

Bloody nights on the lone prairie

Feathers fly on Saturdays in the chicken-fighting capital of Kansas

George Washington indulged, Andrew Jackson had his own pit in the White House and Abe Lincoln was a referee. When it came time to choose our national bird, they claim, the eagle beat the gamecock by one vote.

But the days when the cultural elite could participate in cockfighting are gone forever.

"This sport is really looked down on, I mean bad," admits Clarence Davis, no relation to Hardrock but the man who built the barn in 1960. "A lot of people get the impression we're trash fighting chickens. But some of the finest people that walk are here tonight. I've raised my kids around the pit."

He pauses, as if his mind is searching for a more concrete rationale. "You know, this is the only sport I know where the animal does not have to stand out there and fight. You take a jockey on a racehorse. He'll whip him, use an electric shocker on him, anything to make him go on. But if a rooster gets all he wants he can leave the pit."

Such an event does not take place in Satanta on this night. Most of the struggles are to the death, though occasionally a gamecock will become too exhausted to respond, and the match will be called under a complicated TKO system. And the guys in their Stetsons and blue jeans will leave their wives up high in the bleachers, pour another shot of bourbon out in the car and talk money along the front-row theater seats.

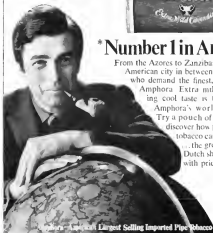
They are talking now about Harry Hcape, a 500th fellow in blue coveralls who in profile is a dead ringer for Spro Agnew. He runs Harry's Garage in Sa-

cont./next

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB CLARKSON

TWO ROOSTERS do battle in the pit as Harry Hscape reads one of his birds to fight for \$1,500, and a winning bettor watches tensely.

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COCKFIGHTING continued

tanta and raises gamecocks for a hobby with his neighbor, Jim Cullison. Tonight Heape has won four straight matches, a feat nobody else has equaled. If he beats Junior Dewey he will be \$1,500 richer.

Harry has been thinking about this night for a long time. He has been working hard the last two months on proper conditioning—feeding his roosters oats to make their plumage glossy and maybe some dog food or even dried blood. He has been building their wing power by throwing them up in the air and having them land on a foam-rubber work table and sparring them together with little handmade boxing gloves over their spurs, but never to the point of fatigue.

Finally Harry needed to choose for his season opener, and he picked five brothers, all clarets, speedy, furious lighters that needed to hit early if they were to have a chance against the more powerful hatch breed. If they survived each would have at least two weeks to recuperate before fighting again.

The weigh-in had been at 5 o'clock, and the gamecocks, which average between four and six pounds, had been matched within two ounces of each other. Nobody knew which birds would face off until the entries were brought to the pit, but Harry had already beaten some of the best, Young Chuck Davis, blood splattered all over his white jeans, had lost a long match. A Jim Simons entry had died within the first minute. Junior Dewey of Colby, Kans., who is out of the running tonight but who learned the ropes at Mike Radliff's gamecock school in Texas and always fights tough, is Harry's final obstacle.

In the pit Harry has set his gamecock down behind the eight-foot dividing line, and he stands in front of it, hands on his hips, staring hard at the light-colored bird that controls his evening's destiny. The referee yells, "Pit!" and the two cocks move toward each other, suddenly lunging and coming together in a piston-driving impact of flying feathers. "Fifty dollars one time on Dewey," somebody yells.

Fifteen minutes elapse. The cocks have been trading stunning blows, and each is battered, stalemated. One cock will peck, and then they will rest on or under each other as the referee counts to 10. The bird that pecked last now has the advantage, they will be separated for 20 seconds, and if the other does not respond within two more 10-counts

and a final 20-count clinch will end. The 10-counts become like rounds in boxing, as the cocks continue to trade brief pecks.

Harry takes water from a can and eases it onto his bird's beak. He massages its legs gently. He breathes down its mouth, forcing air past the blood that is now clogging its lungs. You envision Angelo Dundee in a corner, working relentlessly on a bruised heavyweight champion.

"There he is, find him," Harry implores. "Go in now, find him. Move him." Jim Griff of Borger, who has been betting 50 to 20 on Junior Dewey, gets a quick report from the pit. "Lay me that 50-20," says Harry. Griff nods.

More minutes pass, and the faltering gamecocks begin to resemble beleaguered marathon dancers. Jim Simons, still in his ringside seat, spies an opening. "Ain't no way Dewey's rooster can win," he says. "He's completely exhausted, comes in every time while the other is saving his energy."

"Harry, he's sinking fast," somebody yells.

"Wait till he gets ahold of him where he wants him," Harry fires back.

"I'm as give out as that rooster," says Hardrock Davis.

And then it is over. Shortly after 11 o'clock and half an hour after he entered the pit, Harry's fifth client has scored a technical knockout. Junior Dewey's gamecock is no longer able to mount an attack.

"Boy, they're speed roosters, but they had a little of that power tonight," Harry is saying. "The pressure was really on that last one."

Opal Heape, who admits she doesn't know much about gamecocks, has been watching her husband Harry tonight, and she is very proud. Phyllis, the family's eldest daughter, is there with her 16-month-old son, Michael, and now Michael is in his grandma's arms and watching Harry take his winning gamecock toward the cock houses at the back of the barn.

"He loves 'em," says Opal, nodding toward the baby. "He saw his grandpa down there, and I was afraid he was gonna jump right into that pit. You know, I think he's gonna be a chicken-fighter."

Michael, future chicken-fighter, who understands only with a child's eye, has become very quiet. **END**

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Tough loss for the jokebook

Young Coach Herb Magee and his boys whooped it up as they won and, hopefully, ended forever the hoery wheezes about Philadelphia Textile

For a mystery team, Philadelphia Textile had a dandy little reputation going into last week's NCAA small-college championships. It was the team of a thousand laughs, the one that had all the clotheshorses, the one that liked to weave and was dying to win. At Textile, they don't earn their sweaters, they make them. Hilarious stuff, that, and coming out of the tournament in Evansville, Ind., nobody was laughing harder than Textile. The little school from Philadelphia sewed up (naturally) its first national title and showed it was strictly a case of Brooks Brothers versus a lot of other stuff off the rack.

Yes, Philadelphia Textile is a college, not a factory. It has a library instead of a loom, tests instead of tailors, students instead of unions. In fact, Philadelphia College of Textiles and Sciences has one of the prettiest little tree-lined, coed-coddled campuses you'll find anywhere, right out there in historic old Germantown. Founded 86 years ago, PCT & S is the oldest of the country's seven textile institutions, and it has 1,084 students chasing degrees in chemistry and business administration as well as fabric design and apparel management. "We get tired of questions about the school," says Herb Magee, the bright young coach of Textile's basketball team. "I'd like to clean up the image that one word, Textile,

implies, but there's tradition around here, and the alumni don't want anybody fooling around with it."

Considering the jobs they land when they get out, one can hardly blame them. Today, starting salaries of graduates of good old PCT & S are around \$9,500 a year, and of those completing graduate work \$13,000 or more. Nobody is more aware of this, of course, than Magee, who while setting most of Textile's scoring records in the early '60s also earned a degree in textiles and science. Magee is the only coach in the country who knows as much about fabrics as he does about free throws.

"Hit 'em with a few facts about the school and they quit laughing fast," he says. "Next to the food industry, the textile industry is the largest in the country, and every day the industry has more positions opening up. [Magee is talking louder and faster now.] Where is the industry going to go to fill those positions? To the oldest textile college in the country, that's where."

It is a good pitch, but Magee must be careful who hears it; with only three tuition scholarships at his disposal each year, he cannot begin to try to woo every hot prospect that comes down the pike. Consequently, Magee shoots for the "sleeper," the good player who does not wind up in the Big Five (Villanova,

La Salle, Penn. Temple, St. Joseph's) but wants to stay in the Philadelphia area. As a result, usually he gets the boy who has everything but height: in the last eight years, in fact, the team has not had a starter over 6' 5".

This suits Magee fine, for here is a defense nut if there ever was one. A long time ago he bought a couple of \$1 pamphlets written by Army Coach Bob Knight, who not only preached defense but described in very basic terms how to teach it. "He must have sold a million of those little books," says Magee, who has incorporated many of Knight's drills into his practices. "We play pattern basketball so everyone can touch the ball. When you touch the ball, you get involved—and when you get involved, you don't mind playing defense."

Predictably, there is no star among these champions—just five highly disciplined boys who know when to pass or shoot, when to stop or run. As Magee says, the other team dictates how Textile will play it. In the Midwest Regionals, for example, Ashland, to the surprise of nobody, came out with a slowdown game. But in the second half, to the surprise of everybody, the Ohioans discovered that the sneaker, suddenly, was on the other foot. Ahead by seven points, Textile held the ball for 18 minutes and won 45-28, its 25th victory in a row.

There has been no stopping Textile since the third game of the season, when it lost in overtime to Mount St. Mary's. It also lost its first game, and that was particularly heartbreaking, since the little guys led powerful Villanova by 11 points with 13 minutes to go before losing 57-52. "That's the only time all year they really got shook," says Magee. "I guess they looked at the scoreboard and couldn't believe what they were doing."

Textile's schedule was beyond belief. Since this was the school's first year in the Middle Atlantic Conference, it had to play 24 of its 31 games on the road. Busing everywhere from Quinnipiac to East Stroudsburg State, from Kutztown to Elizabethtown, Textile played in some of the darkest, dingiest gyms imaginable. As its 29-2 record shows, all Textile did was win. "Good press, bad press, big crowds, little crowds, they just went out and did their job," says William H. Gordon, who works for the school. "I'm no expert, but they are rather amazing, don't you think?"

continued

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Photograph provided by Christian Brothers Winery, Agostino, Napa Valley, California. Wines: Chenin Blanc, Champagne, Brandy. All sold by Christian Brothers Winery, Agostino, Napa Valley, California.

The Textile players think so. After whipping favored American International College on Tuesday 101-53, they came back Wednesday to knock off the University of California at Riverside 79-63. Watching Buffalo State and Tennessee State in the semifinal, Jim McGilvery, Textile's leading scorer with a 19.6 average, said he would rather play Tennessee State in the finals "because they look like a stronger team than Buffalo."

"Why do you want to play them then?"

"Man, don't you know? The game's on TV."

The title game between Tennessee State and Textile was interesting only in that it showed how a balanced, disciplined team can cut up a bigger, stronger opponent that happens to be built around one man—in State's case, Ted (Hound) McLain. Textile never trailed, grabbing the lead on John Perantozzi's jumper in the first minute and expanding it to 40-27 at the half. With McGilvery, Perantozzi and Carl Poole battling their bigger, heavier opponents on almost even terms up front—and Guards Mike O'Rourke and Bruce Shively giving State fits outside—Textile won with relative ease 76-65. Textile's five starters went all the way, with nobody scoring more than 19 or less than 12.

Magee was tickled. His club had won the big one in front of a national-television audience, and writers from Philadelphia actually were there. Now maybe he wouldn't have to explain to quite so many people, even Philadelphians, that Textile had walls of brick and ivy instead of cinder block. Since it was also his 70th win against only 13 losses in three years as head coach, Magee was asked about the future. (Last fall he had been under consideration for the La Salle job.) "Sure, I have aspirations. I won't deny that," Magee answered. "But right now, you're looking at one happy fella. This school has been good to me, real good, and I owe it a lot. At the moment, I can't wait to get started on next year."

Flying home after the predictable all-night celebration, one player blinked in the morning sunshine and asked a teammate sitting across the aisle. "Hey," he said. "Did Nixon call last night?"

"Yeah, about half past 12."

"What did he say?"

"Make no mistake about it. Textile is the No. 1 team in the nation." **END**

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Fort Howard Paper

Green Bay, Wisconsin 54305

Here comes, there goes—Karl!

After putting down the kids for another season, Austria's 31-year-old superracer says that maybe now is the time for him to hang 'em up

Now it was ending, this strange World Cup ski-racing season that had seemed to span an eternity. On a chill and shadowed course above the gentle valleys of Voss, Norway, the magnificent old Austrian, Karl Schranz, came to one last cold challenge, the race that could win him the combined trophy—and the grand distinction of being the best all-round ski racer in the world. He lived up to his legend, of course, as he did last year, as he always does. But skiing's Young Turks might find some comfort in the fact that it did not come easily and that the King is finally going to take all his gold medals and go away.

All through the deadening marathon tour of 26 races over the winter, the 31-year-old Schranz had, with few exceptions, dominated Alpine racing. First, everybody had a run at him in downhill—and he beat them all to tie up that particular title. But giant slalom was an-

other game, and through the season Patrick Russel, 23, the fine new French stylist, had skied Schranz almost to a standstill. An Italian teen-age upstart, Gustav Thoni, was close behind. Thus going into this last giant slalom in Norway, young Russel stood just three World Cup points behind the King—145 to 148. And under the labyrinthine scoring system that rules ski racing, there was still one way Russel could win the World Combined Cup. One way, he had to finish first—nothing less would do. Anything else and the cup automatically went to Schranz.

Giant slalom races are decided over two runs, and, first time down, Russel did fairly well—ending up tied for sixth but just .59 of a second off and within striking range. Schranz' talented teammate Werner Bleiner set the pace, Switzerland's Dumeng Giovanoli came next and Schranz finished third. The final run

was not held until late afternoon, when the sun had fallen behind the mountain and the course lay deep in shade, making it all but impossible for racers to pick out ruts and bumps along the way. And although there were no more than a few dozen spectators at the finish gate, tension was thick, even among the usually stoic Norwegians. Bleiner was one of the first men down and, while his time was excellent (3:19.32 for two runs), he turned and glared stonily back up the hill. "I have no luck," he said. "I do not ever win."

Then came Schranz, powerful as ever and charging each gate. He finished a fraction of a second behind Bleiner and he, too, stared intently up at the hill. And Russel suddenly came into sight. He was sking with immense grace, fairly floating down the course, but even before the Frenchman hit the last 200 yards Schranz' face relaxed. He could sense that Russel was not attacking enough, that he was perhaps too much at ease. And it was true: Russel missed Bleiner's time—and the gold medal—by 95 of a second. He was, when it was all over, in fourth spot. Schranz was in third but ahead of everybody in points.

Schranz broke into a huge grin and leaped upon Bleiner with a great bear hug. "Thank you, Werner!" he shouted. "Thank you!"

Russel stood a few yards away, his face blank and slack. In one race he had seen an entire season of brilliance undone, and all he could say at first was, "I am sorry." Next day Russel got in the last leg, winning the slalom and clinching the World Cup title for that event. It gave him, when everything was added up, the combined silver behind Schranz.

Well, the old man had won again, and perhaps everybody had known that he would. Sensational though they were throughout the season, the young hot-shots—Russel, Jean-Noël Augert, Alain Penz of France and Thoni of Italy, the combined bronze winner—simply could not bring down the King. At 31, Schranz reigned again. And though he was once renowned for his sour manner, Karl was all sunshine now. What was this World Cup title worth? "Well, we are *amateurs*, you know. This is what they say we are," Schranz smiled. "So I tell you that this cup is worth great prestige to me, great pride."

Proud though he was, Schranz said



APPLYING HIS GOLD-MEDALIST BEAR HUG, SCHRANZ GREET'S TEAMMATE BLEINER

this was his last season. "I have been married to my skis and my equipment and to the slopes and to the World Cup for years now," he said. "So it is quite true that I have decided to stop amateur racing. Maybe the young racers need an old man like me to chase, and maybe the press needs an old man to write about. But I must stop some time, and now that I am on top, I think I will do that." Then he paused and grinned. "But, of course, you never know." But whether or not Schranz departs, the world of ski racing can never be the same after this year.

The sounds of commercialism have become so loud that they can no longer be ignored; the Winter Olympics of 1972 are in jeopardy and a whole new set of amateurism definitions are in order, or all of the best ski races on earth will have to be disqualified. There is a new pro tour hatching that could hit with considerable impact if it prospers. Already Billy Kidd has gone off to be a pro, complete with star-studded helmet and America's first gold medal in half a generation, and more change is coming. Next season there will be new names in the headlines and new challengers on the hills.

Still, one thing that is not going to change in ski racing is the fantastic dominance of the French girls. In an incredible display of power they won every single championship available in World Cup competition this season. Michèle Jacot, just turned 18, won the combined slalom two weeks ago by finishing first in the giant slalom in Vancouver. She is a shy, strangely beautiful girl with soft brown eyes, but she skis with an almost desperate determination and is superb in every event. Then there is Françoise Macchi, also only 18, tied with Jacot in the giant slalom final standings. France's Ingrid Lafforgue, 21, led the slalom rankings, and Jacot was second. And in the ladies' downhill season, Jacot placed fourth, while Isabelle Mir was first, Annie Famoso second, Florence Steuier third and Macchi fifth. "It is like a female Magnot Line that works," said one veteran observer. "I don't see how they can be beaten—maybe for many years."

Naturally, the filles of the French Republic were predictably excellent in Voss. Lafforgue won the giant slalom going away, and in the slalom Steuier and Lafforgue were two or three behind Germany's Rosi Mittermaier.



FORMING THE FRENCH FEMININE MAGNOT LINE: LAFFORGUE, MACCHI AND JACOT

But frisky though the French ladies scented, most everyone in Voss last week was exhausted. The season had been all but interminable, dragging on over 13 weeks in a crisscross pattern back and forth over the mountain roads of Europe, across half the world for three frantic weeks in North America, then back for this last race in Norway. There is strong sentiment growing for cutting down the tour next winter. "Everyone is half-dead," said Dennis Agee, coach of the U.S. girls' team. "We all feel as if we've been carrying a ton of stones around all winter. There was one 30-day period in January where we raced in seven different places and some girls had 15 different races—which is one every other day. That's inhuman."

Whether or not a shorter schedule will help remains to be seen, but the fortunes of the American ski team can certainly stand all the help available. Except for Billy Kidd's combined medal spectacular in the world championship in Val Gardena, the men have had little to boast about. There have been critical morale problems on the team, and the men's coach, Don Henderson, has been rather a controversial figure from the start. Whether Henderson will return next year is problematical (he was not even in Voss last week). But if he does not come back, there are no obviously qualified replacements currently demanding his job—which pays \$16,750 a year. One reason is the Byzantine politics and squabbling that have long marked the administration of the U.S.

Ski Association, the governing body for the American team.

At the moment Agee is caught up in a typical USSA hesitation waltz. Although he would very much like to continue as women's coach, he has been told that it is all but certain that he will not be offered a contract until after the association holds its convention in June. The reason, if the delegates vote out the current administration, the new officials may prefer someone besides Agee. All of which does not make for security.

Nevertheless, he has high hopes for next year: "It was kind of hard for me this first season to follow in the steps of guys like Bob Beattie and Chuck Leiries. They had such great rapport with the girls that it wasn't easy for anyone to replace them. It took me quite a bit of the season just to get adjusted to each of the girls' temperaments and to get used to the rat race of moving around all the time. Next year I'll be prepared to really coach them. I don't think we had a really disastrous year, but it sure wasn't great. Next year it'll be different. We'll really have something going next year. If I am hired again, things will be different."

Things should be different all around the World Cup tour next year. Perhaps it will be diminished for a time without the Kalds and the Schranzes. But the new faces will soon shine bright enough, and if the commercialism so rampant this season can somehow be brought under control, it can't help but be a better time for all.

END

Gary's Garrison: bogeymen and bodyguards

The South African made a controversial effort to counteract the protest over his country's racial policies. But at Pensacola last week he discovered there's nothing like an armed guard to help keep your head down

The man in the white trench coat stood at the edge of the fairway as Gary Player recently arrived from his native South Africa, prepared to hit a three-wood to the fourth green at the Pensacola Country Club. It was a cold, blustery day, and others in the gallery were similarly dressed, yet there was something unusual about this man. Perhaps it was the way his eyes roamed over the crowd, even after the ball was in the air, as if he were searching for a lost friend. Maybe it was the slight bulge at his hip, like a man carrying a revolver. Which indeed he was. The man was Sergeant Bill Lynch of the Escambia County sheriff's office, and he, together with three deputies, was walking all 72 holes of the Monsanto Open with Player last week, so that, as Sergeant Lynch put it, "Gary could afford to keep his head down."

Chances are that wherever Player goes

this year—Augusta, Minneapolis Westchester—there will be a Sergeant Lynch and several deputies nearby. Sometimes, as in Pensacola, the security precautions will escalate as the gallery surrounding Player grows. Approaching the TV holes (16, 17, 18) in the final two rounds last week, Player had picked up a gallery of several hundred, and his four-man plainclothes escort was augmented by a number of uniformed peace officers sprinkled through the crowd.

Last year at the PGA tournament in Dayton, Player was jostled during the third round by protesters demonstrating against his country's apartheid policy. Nothing violent occurred—a cupful of ice was thrown in his face, and someone threw a program at him as he was about to drive—but it was unnerving, and it awoke the golf world to the possibility of a more serious incident.

Since then the climate has hardly im-

proved. Recently Arthur Ashe was denied a visa to South Africa to play in the national tennis championship, so it was not surprising when many people raised the question of whether Player should be allowed into the U.S. Already black militants Harry Edwards had promised to make Player's life on the tour miserable, but with the Ashe affair, the tempo increased. Player's Negro caddie, Ernest (Nippy) Nipper, who has carried his bags on the U.S. tour for the last 10 years, got a warning that there would be trouble if he worked for Player in Pensacola this year. That warning was directly responsible for Sergeant Lynch and his contingent of bodyguards. Earlier it was rumored that Harold Henning, another South African golfer, had received a series of phone calls telling him that he had better not enter the Andy Williams tournament in San Diego. Henning never publicly confirmed the report, but the fact is that he phoned Tony Jacklin, told him to remove his watch from his golf bag and mail it, pay his caddie \$60 and let him have his clubs. Wish that. Henning went home.

Finally, in what can only be regarded as a curious sort of backlash, Lee Elder, a black golfer, was threatened with death by another black at the recent Doral-Eastern Open. Elder was standing on a tee when a man ducked under the ropes and said: "You are a dead man. Not now, but maybe the next hole. Or the next. But you're dead." Minutes later Mrs. Elder, in her husband's gallery, received the same threat.

It was in this unsettling atmosphere that Gary Player arrived in Pensacola to play the Monsanto Open, the first of four tournaments he will use to sharpen his game for the Masters. Even before he had hit a shot Player made headlines by issuing a three-paragraph position paper that said, in effect, that he wished sports could be above politics, that he deplored the Ashe edict but that he would not criticize his country when he was away from it. He also announced that he was willing to play a series of ex-



PLAYER AND SECURITY FORCE AT PENSACOLA (SERGEANT LYNCH IN BELTED COAT)

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GOLF *continued*

hibition matches with Elder, Charlie Sifford and Pete Brown, all black pros, with proceeds going to the United Negro College Fund. (The original idea was for Player to play one match against all three, but when *The New York Times* misinterpreted the announcement, Player's business manager, Mark McCormack, decided to let it stand.)

Player's offer received mixed reviews. Some thought it was still further proof of what a great, unprejudiced human being Player is. Others regarded it as a patronizing ploy, and a rather hurriedly thought-up one at that. And, since no one had bothered to ask the black pros about it beforehand, there was a lingering doubt about its propriety. Elder and Brown indicated they were willing to take up Player's offer, but Charlie Sifford was dubious. "I'm not saying anything until I find out what it's all about," said Sifford, who added: "If he wants to do something, why doesn't he vote for a Negro to be invited to the Masters?" In any case, Player himself seemed totally sincere.

Player had finished his announcement by stating that he would say no more on the subject of race. But that proved impossible. Everywhere he went at Pensacola people kept stopping him and showing microphones in his face, trying to get him to elaborate. In the locker room after the second round he was asked to take a call from an NBC reporter. "Look," Gary was saying a minute later, "I am not a racist." It was a theme that occurred all week.

Player's host in Pensacola, Jim Naes, said the subject dominated the atmosphere around his house while Gary was there. "I told him he should try to forget it," said Naes. "If you keep bringing it up, it's bound to affect your game. But the papers and magazines won't let him." Whether his observations reflected Player's thinking is problematical, but Naes put one question to a reporter in Pensacola that unquestionably had occurred to many, including Gary Player. "Don't you think," Naes asked, "that the Communists are behind all this?"

Player, too, had questioned reporters about the situation. He wondered openly if he had done the right thing in offering to play the exhibitions. What were people saying about it? Had anyone met Arthur Ashe? What is he like? Do you think there's a chance that a Dayton will happen again?

Among his fellow pros, Player's presence had far greater competitive implications than political ones. Oh, sure, there were some bad jokes. On the day the pro-am was rained out Steve Reid kidded Player as the two waited out the storm, "Don't let this weather bother you, Gary," said Reid. "The water will get in the gunstighs and make it harder to aim."

But that's all. The pros, in spite of the events since the last PGA, are rarely concerned with real-world problems. The major issues at Monsanto last week were: Will Frank Beard survive now that Kentucky has lost to Jacksonville in basketball? Can Tom Weiskopf achieve proper loft on his putter by bending it in the crack of his motel door? And does Tommy Shaw really blench his hair? What Player represented more than anything was one of the best golfers in the world, there to make life more difficult for the rest of them.

Overshadowed by Player's personal problems is the fact that he had an out-

standing year in 1969. He played in only 16 U.S. tournaments, and in 10 of them he finished fifth or better. He won the Tournament of Champions, was second three times and third three times more. He won \$124,000, or more than \$7,000 per outing, easily the most of any player on the tour.

At Pensacola, Player showed what makes him so remarkable a golfer. His intensity and concentration are fierce. When he talks his big brown eyes open wide, riveting the listener to a spot. He is constantly picking his game apart, analyzing, analyzing. Between shots he may take 10 practice swings— with or without a club in his hands— checking the shoulder turn, the hip turn, the follow-through. At 33, he is still a marvelously conditioned athlete, crew-cut, neatly attired, aggressive in his gait. When he makes a bad shot he does not sulk, whine, slump his shoulders, dig a second divot or sling the club toward his caddie. What he does is burn inwardly. Inside him somewhere his desire to excel takes hold and does not let him collapse.

When he arrived for his first round at the Monsanto last week his apprehension was apparent. He seldom looked at the galleries that trailed him, exchanged only a few words with his caddie and, in general, behaved like a man with something on his mind besides golf. But on the third and fourth days, as the Florida sun broke through and his putts started to drop—and, most important, there were no incidents— his manner brightened visibly. He began chatting with his gallery during delays on the tee, waved at friends and kept up an animated (for Player) chatter with his caddie.

He did not win at Pensacola— young Dick Lotz did, with a steady 9-under-par 68-70-69-68—275—and you might even say Gary was not playing well. But he shot a 71-71-68-73—283 to finish tied for eighth and pick up \$4,075. And consider this: he had been in the country less than a week, he had been unable to sleep well because of the time change, he had a splitting headache, a digestive problem and he was hounded by the press every step he took. Besides, he was using the larger U.S. ball for the first time since last summer, which caused him to leave many of his approach shots short.

Finally, he had four men with guns out in his gallery to remind him that, well, anything might happen.

END

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LEE ELDER: A CURIOUS BACKLASH

Field day for Kansas

Muscle prevailed over speed as the Jayhawks won the NCAA title

Ah, said the Villanovans, as they stormed Detroit last weekend with their little band of blue-chip runners to take on Kansas' musclemen and everybody else in the NCAA track and field championships. Ah, who needs beef and biceps? We've got speed to burn. We have Marty Liquori in the mile, and Larry James in the 440 and two relays, and if that doesn't add up to four wins and 24 points, what does? Now we just add some points in the half, and grab a few from the two-mile, and—what, we're out of people? Well, no matter, that should be enough, and so go ahead Kansas, put that shot all the way back to Lawrence and see what it gets you.

Which is just what Kansas did. Not quite to Lawrence but far enough to finish one-two-three in the shot Friday night, and what it got was 13 points, and you can't start any fatter than that. But no one was shocked. The defending champions opened the same way last year. Now, as then, they got a first from Karl Salb (an NCAA record 67' 2 1/4"), a second from Steve Wilhelm and a third from Doug Knop. "Our guys were really raging and growling out there like angry lions," said Bob Timmons, the little Kansas coach. "I'm glad some official didn't say anything to them. I don't know what they might have done to him." Timmons was bubbling. But he had good reason. Bill Penny had finished fourth in the 35-pound weight throw, and had given Kansas an unexpected two points. "Early in the week we figured all the maximums," Timmons said. "We figured Villanova for 30 points, us for 29. Now, . . ."

"Who ever heard of a weightman from the Big Eight?" muttered Jack Pyrah, Jumbo Elliott's assistant at Villanova.

And then, down 15-0, Villanova's runners went to work. James blazed the 440 in 48.3, winning the event for the third straight year, and the first six points went up for the Wildcats. "And, man, it's a beautiful thing, seeing those six points go up," said James. "You know, you run the whole indoor season just for yourself. You can almost take it or leave it. But when the coach writes six points next to your name you know he and all the other guys are counting on you. I dig that. And we're going to win this thing, too."

Except for the rare exceptions, like the NCAA's, track is a loner's sport. A man wins or loses for himself. "And then you get here and everything is different," said Dick Buerkle, Villanova's gritty little two-miler. "I'd rather finish second in my race and have the team win than win the race and have the team lose. In every distance race there always comes a point when you really start paining and you have to decide whether you're going to ease up or break through and do as well as you can. With someone like Liquori, who's done it often,

it's natural. He knows he has it in him to break through. But it wasn't until recently that I knew I could really put out when that time came. And, see, it's easy to quit on yourself. But when you're part of a team there's more pressure. You can quit on yourself but you can't quit on all the other guys. They know you can do it. And they know if you don't you've quit on them."

Six points home, and now it was Andy O'Reilly's turn in the 880. Villanova figured to score, but then so did Kansas with its freshman star, Brian McElroy. "Andy's so high he's about four stories off the floor," said Elliott. "I just want him to finish in front of McElroy." O'Reilly finished second to Wisconsin's Mark Winnizind. Four more points. McElroy finished last. Villanova couldn't believe it; Kansas was stunned.

"It's just great, just great," said Elliott. "I gave him the Texas eye."

"Who, coach? O'Reilly or McElroy?" "Both, both," said Elliott, laughing and rubbing his hands together.

Timmons looked like he had been shot in the stomach. "I should have known," he said. "I guess it was youth. Monday he came to me and said he needed a lot of speed work. And I let him. I let

continued



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ham Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Speed work. I didn't want to hurt him psychologically. And all it did was tie him up."

"Who the heck is the coach?" Elliott snapped when he heard that. Timmons is not one of his favorite people. "Ham or the freshman? I take my kids off speed work two weeks before a big race."

Now the score had closed to 15-10, and it was Buerkle's turn. He finished third, almost in tears. "I got smoked," he said. "I got smoked." The week before, when Villanova won the IC4As, Buerkle had won the two-mile. "But you won it too fast," said Elliott. "It took too much out of you. But don't worry we're in great shape."

Buerkle's third had added three more points for Villanova, and when they called a truce for the night Kansas led 15-13. On Saturday, Villanova would be the favorite in the mile, and in the distance medley and mile relays. Kansas still had people in the pole vault, the mile and the two-mile relay but wasn't favored in any of them. Things looked good for Villanova. But things weren't good, not good at all.

Friday night Marty Liquori, America's top miler, lay in bed in his hotel room, his left leg packed in ice and propped on a pyramid of suitcases. In qualifying for the mile, he had stumbled, pulled a calf muscle and finished in pain. "When I stumbled," he said, "I tried to accelerate off balance and something went. I tried to jog later and I couldn't even do that." He flexed the leg, trying to make a muscle in the calf, but it hurt too much and he quit. "Damn qualifying anyway," he said. "Most of the guys in my heat didn't even know how to run on boards. Some idiot kept stepping on my heels." Liquori went downstairs and got hot ointment and an Ace bandage from the team manager. Liquori rubbed down the leg and wrapped it himself. Then he propped it up on the suitcases and slept a few hours. The next morning he said it felt better, but not much. "I'm scared that when I start running on my toes the calf will tighten and that will be it. If it wasn't for this team thing I wouldn't even run."

Later in the day, at Cobo Arena, Liquori went to Bob White, the head meet trainer, for a rubdown.

"There's a knot in the calf," White said.

"Bad?" asked Liquori.



FRESHMAN BRIAN MCELROY GIVES KANSAS AN UPSET WIN IN THE TWO-MILE RELAY

"Enough to make the difference," said White.

Only Chris Mason, Liquori's roommate, White and the manager knew about the injury. Then someone told Buerkle. He shook his head. "You don't know if Marty is really hurt," he said, "or if he's just talking himself down to get himself up."

"Doc says there's a knot in it."

"Aw, hell," said Buerkle.

Things began to get worse. Of the six vaulters left, two were from Kansas. One, Bill Hatcher, who had never done better than 15' 6", had cleared 16 feet. Villanova's distance medley relay team, which had won the last two years, finished third. Six points penciled in, three on the board.

Then the first Kansas runner toed the mark in the two-mile relay. The Jayhawks figured to do no better than third. They won in 7:25.7, a world record for an 11-lap track, with McElroy running a 1:49.7 anchor.

A few minutes later Timmons was asked if he had been shooting for a world record. "What world record?" he said. "I don't even know what the time was. I was so excited when the race started I dropped my stopwatch."

"Hey, man, after that horror show yesterday we had to do something," said McElroy. "When you've got three shotputters the size of ours telling you to go out there and win, you'd better. Seriously, you see them working so hard, then go out and sweep, you really feel like you're letting them down. I messed up so bad yesterday that I had to do

something. Hot dog, a world record?"

Elliott began figuring points. "Six from Marty and six in the mile relay will give us, ah, 26. Let's see, Kansas has got—aw, we still got a chance. Let's go, Marty."

The mile began and Liquori was off last and hung there. They ran the half in 2:06. "What's Marty doing?" someone asked. Pain etched into his face, Liquori began to move up. To third. To second. And no more. Howell H. Michael IV of William and Mary won in 4:03.1, three steps ahead of Liquori. Doug Smith of Kansas finished fifth—another point.

Pyrah turned to Elliott and said glumly. "They just finished the pole-vault. Kansas got second and fifth. We lose by a lousy point."

Junjo shook his head and walked off.

There was still the mile relay, but it was anticlimactic. Pyrah had figured Villanova to win the six points and it did. Upstairs it was announced that Hatcher had actually tied for fourth in the vault, giving Kansas another half point, so it won 27½ to 26. Harvard was third with 15.

"Everything went wrong," Elliott growled. "Everything! How can you figure it? And they score 20½ points in the field. In the field! We haven't scored that many points in the field in the last 10 years! We're like a one-armed man going into a boxing match. Nuts!"

"One arm—and one leg," someone said.

Elliott nodded. "Yeah, on one leg in the mile. Oh, nuts!" Then he grinned. "And you know, these kids nearly did it, too."

END



A HANDFUL OF ACES

BY WILLIAM JOHNSON

Top-class bridge players are fiery individualists, each sure he is the game's best. Now millionaire Iro Corn (far right) has persuaded a group of prodigies to sublimate their egos to a team effort. In consequence, his Dallas Aces are favored to bring the U.S. its first world title after more than a decade of embarrassment



This is the unlikely tale of an unlikely type, a scholarly Texas millionaire who has, among other things, "cornered the floating supply of original Declarations of Independence." It is also a relatively uplifting story about a blooming friendship among six egotistical but affable young cardplayers, a tough but fatherly ex-Air Force colonel and a small but willing computer that has been programmed to deal slam-bid bridge hands. In this story, too, is a hint of the powers inherent in a pinch of patriotism, a ton of card sense and about one-third of a million dollars. For this is the chronicle of Ira G. Corn Jr. and the Dallas Aces and how they came together, and how the Aces have come now to represent the North American continent in play for the world championship of bridge this spring and how they expect to grow

continued

rich and famous together as the world's first and only full-time professional bridge team and charge onward, ever onward, to dominate both the tournaments and the commercial marketplace of American bridge for, oh, say, the next 20 years.

The point at which to begin this story is a view of world-class bridge, since that is the arena in which the Dallas Aces expect to thrive. It has been 16 years since an American team won a world championship. This is astonishing to contemplate, for bridge is played in the U.S. by perhaps 40 million people. Of those, some 250,000 have played in duplicate tournaments, most with at least a handful of master points to their credit. Granted, of the tournament players, only a rare few—not many more than 200—have risen to the excellence of world-class competition. Yet among those few are some of the most magnificent cardplayers ever to scowl at a jack-high hand . . . Tobias Stone and Alvin Roth and Edgar Kaplan and Charles Goren and B. Jay Becker and Howard Schenken. . . . Certainly no better individual players ever have sat at a table, yet they have all been punished and put down in play for the world title.

These annual embarrassments have come consistently at the fine Italian hands of the beautiful Blues, the widely famed and justly feared Blue Team of Italy. Belladonna and Garozzo and Forquet and Avarelli and d'Alelio and Pibis-Ticci and their foxy former coach Perroux. Seemingly ingenious beyond mere mortality, masters of a bidding system complex as the Gordian knot, the Italian Blue Team has with a single exception (France in 1960) ruled since 1957 as champions of international bridge.

And who among us shall ever overcome? Who, indeed? In the matches of 1970 the Aces of Dallas will actually be favored to win by many experts.

Yes, it has come to pass at last, and one reason is that this American entry in the world matches is actually a team, born and bred in togetherness just as the Italian Blues have been. Until this year, the American Contract Bridge

League held annual trials to pick its international team, and the brightest North American stars would all compete, often united in dazzling if short-lived partnerships for the trials alone. Clearly, the emphasis was on individual stardom; and, of course, when the North American "team" went to meet the Italians, togetherness always won. So last year, badgered by hundreds of bridge fanatics disenchanted by past failures, the ACBL changed its rules and picked its international representatives from a head-on playoff between the winners of U.S. bridge's two most prestigious team prizes, the Vanderbilt Cup and the Spingold Trophy. In that match in Phoenix last fall the Dallas Aces, winners of the Spingold, annihilated the Vanderbilt victors by 141 international match points.

To reach this point the six young men of the Dallas Aces have relocated their homes and sublimated their individualism to the sweetness of being together. It is true. In the world of bridge where volcanic tantrum, imperious narcissism and calculated hostility are as common as a one-club opener, the Aces have become a model of The Group Thing. They have built a bond from such clubby activities as jogging together through the suburbs of Dallas, holding endless bull sessions about the occult ways of the Orange Club or the Leghorn Diamond, obeying the same training rules of early bedtime and general abstention from strong drink and rich food and sharing the output of bridge hands from the SDS 940 computer they have been granted. They even travel to their tournaments dressed identically in orange, crimson or blue blazers, and more than once they have been mistaken for a small dance band or a squad of bellhops.

Yes, the groupish ways of the Dallas Aces are exceptional in the bitterly individualistic world of top-class bridge. Perhaps only another exception—to wit: The Scholarly Texas Millionaire—could have brought this about.

Ira G. Corn Jr. is a man of means, conglomerate class.

One morning last fall he settled into

a fine leather easy chair in his living room and crossed one bare leg over the other. He had only just arisen and he was dressed in an undershirt, undershorts and an immense wine-colored bathrobe. The robe was immense because Ira Corn is immense, well over 6 feet and sometimes upward of 300 pounds. In his chair Corn lighted up a long cigar and began to speak in firm, gentle tones that were punctuated occasionally with startling howls of laughter. The conversation dealt with a day last May when Corn bid \$404,000 to buy the only available copy of the Declaration of Independence as it had been typeset and printed in Philadelphia on the very night of July 4, 1776 before the very eyes of Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin and John Adams.

"I had never bought anything like that before," said Corn. "It was kind of an impulse purchase—as if I'd suddenly decided to buy a pack of gum." He howled with laughter. "I hadn't actually decided to bid when I arrived at the auction. But then I found I was the only private individual in the room, everyone else represented some library, university or some other institution. It was an extraordinary opportunity. Irresistible."

Son of a barber from Little Rock (who is a great-grandson of a Son of the American Revolution), holder of a master's degree from the University of Chicago ('48), formerly assistant professor of business administration at SMU, lately founding father and/or board member of three grand corporations—Saturn Industries, the Michigan General Corporation and Computer Complex, Inc.—with annual combined sales of \$204 million and growing, Ira Corn Jr. is an imposing man. Even barefoot and bathrobed he looks formidable. Yet, Corn gives off no emanations of braggadocio or arrogance or brute corporate power. He is essentially a sunny man, with a hint of the pedantic in his conversation. His discourses run a splendid gamut—Eric Hoffer's sociological theories, the Dallas Cowboys, the politics of Vietnam, the inconvenience in getting really fine art reproductions anywhere outside of Europe (Corn's walls are cluttered with

such reproductions from Watteau to George Bellows, all gorgeously framed).

Obviously a man of many bents, with a special genius for acquisition, Corn might have moved along the average, lavish ways of other rich-Texan types—constructing ever more complex conglomerates, picking up an apartment development here, a fleet of Lear Jets there, an Andy Warhol silk-screen, as whim might decide. As whim did decide, however, Corn became hooked on bridge eight years ago, an utter addict to the manic joys of the game.

"My God, I virtually quit work for a year to improve my bridge," he said. As he spoke, he rose from his easy chair and began to pace excitedly about the room, his bare feet slapping on the parquet floor. "My God, there is no way you can explain properly the intensity of top-rank bridge competition. If you're successful in a particularly challenging situation—I mean if you outwit it and outbid and outthink your opponent and your card instincts are all functioning at their best in a given hand—then that is the purest kind of exhilaration I can imagine. Your adrenaline flows in waterfalls." As he continued to speak, the slap-slap of Corn's feet seemed to keep pace with his mounting excitement. "Bridge is the ultimate essence of com-

petition. It is brutal, more brutal than football [slap-slap] because you have no way to rationalize defeat, no real excuse that your opponent is younger or stronger or better coached or had a better high school sports program. No, in bridge you have laid your intellect, your full ego [slap-slap-slap] and your complete psychological self there on the table against your opponent. And if you lose you can only admit that you have been thoroughly inferior."

"Or"—here Corn stopped slapping about and wagged a finger sternly— "or you blame your partner? And there is where the fabric of great bridge is made or ruined: in the strength of the partnership, not the individual star?"

And there, of course, lies the mother seed of Ira Corn's Dallas Aces: a constancy of partnership. But many other Corn-bred theories have gone into the building of this team. In the years that Corn was playing his own superior game of tournament bridge (he and his partner, Dorothy Moore of Dallas, won the 1963 Spring National mixed-pair title), he was also coolly assaying the entire pattern of bridge in the U.S. as if it were the annual report of a company he would like to acquire. "The whole star system was intrinsically opposed to the idea of

world championship bridge, of course," he said. "But what's worse, the kind of competition our best players got into was working against them, it was softening up their games badly." Most American bridge tournaments are based on ACBL match-point awards, which simply means that one pair competes against perhaps 30 or 40 other pairs by playing the same set of duplicated hands over a period ranging anywhere from one evening to 10 days of competition.

On each deal, the pairs are given match points in direct relation to how well they have scored compared with other pairs in the competition. Among rabid bridge players (which is practically a redundancy), a large bag of master points (awarded for tournament successes) represents a mark of status only slightly less valuable than an equivalent number of shares of AT&T stock. Since both members of a partnership are awarded the same number of master points for doing well in a tournament, it is common (and thoroughly acceptable) practice for an average, wealthy, run-of-the-mill, lowbrow ace-trumper to hire himself an expert as a tournament partner, assuring himself a score of master points that he would be totally incapable of achieving if he were playing with another dunce of similar ability.

When Ira Corn put his analytical mind to dissecting this arrangement of standard U.S. bridge competition, he was appalled. "Look, it's well and good enough for an expert to make some money winning points for someone else—but what the hell does that kind of bridge have to do with world-class bridge?" said Corn. "Any expert coming into your average regional or sectional tournament or even the early rounds of the nationals knows very well that he can simply overwhelm any opponents he'll meet. He's playing what I call Kill-the-Palooka. He's knocking off the palookas in, maybe, 90% of the tournaments he plays in, because even in your top tournaments you don't hit really expert competition until the last couple of sessions.

"You'll never hear a top player admit that killing palookas will hurt his game, and you'll never hear him admit

continued



Taking a break during a Miami tournament, Aces relax with Coach Joe Musumeci (center).

that playing match-point partnerships with funny women and rich gynecologists is making any difference to his game," said Corn. "But, dammit, I say it pollutes his capacities. I say that killing palookas despoils an expert's abilities. And this is what we've been doing that's wrong—we're sending in too many palooka-killers to play the Italian Blues. There aren't but 5,000 or 6,000 tournament bridge players in all of Italy, so the Blues don't have even the temptation to spend their time playing with Mrs. Jones' mother-in-law."

Corn's feet were going *slap-slap* all over the living room as he unleashed the blast of fact and opinion. Of course, it is one thing to diagnose the dangers of palooka-pollution and despoliation at the hands of funny women, it is quite another to know what to do about them. Ah, but while those of us poorer in imagination or material wealth might have floundered in doubt, Corn did not. To him, the answer was obvious.

He simply scoured the North American continent for half a dozen men with a genius for bridge and an aptitude for civil temperament. Then he persuaded them to drop their careers, leave their homes and move to Dallas, where they would do nothing each livelong day but play bridge, talk bridge, bid bridge and dream bridge. For this, Corn would pay each man a starting salary of \$800 a month if he were single, \$950 a month if he were married, plus all expenses to major tournaments. No one would get even a little bit rich for the first couple of years, said Corn, but he was almost certain that rigidly enforced insulation from palookas and a constancy of partnerships would eventually lead to a world title, fame, goodwill, trophies, lots of invitations to dinner and, yes, an unlimited amount of money from little side operations like best-selling books and personal appearances and endorsements and bridge excursions and TV programs.

Corn thinks several hundred thousand dollars a year could be made from such sideline gimmickery. But not until the Aces bring home a world championship. Even if they do it as early as this spring in Stockholm, Corn's expenses for creating

and caring for the team will have risen to well over \$300,000.

It was Feb. 15, 1968 when the team was first put together. At the time, Corn named them the U.S. Aces, but many people in the bridge world, including the ACBL, resented the implication that the team was a national unit when it had not even played together in one tournament, and they persisted in calling it the Dallas Aces—which most everyone still does.

The men Corn found to put flesh on his theories are a rather variegated yet strangely representative group. Indeed, it almost seems that Corn had gone to some Central Casting Department (Card-Table Division) and asked for a bridge-world version of one of those stereotyped, Hollywood World War II movie platoons—you know, that all-American platoon consisting of an ecotomorph and an endomorph, a Jew, a Catholic, a farmboy, a violinist and a tout from Aqueduct. When the sergeant calls the roster it sounds like this—*Kowalski . . . Adams . . . O'Flaherty . . . Feinberg!* Corn has assembled a similar range of characters in his cast:

Steady Philosophical One—Bob Wolff, 37, of San Antonio is a plump, bespectacled, balding fellow with the look of a jolly cantor; he was one step away from becoming a lawyer some years ago, but, like the great majority of America's top-rank players, he dropped his studies to play bridge before he finished. A bridge teacher and insurance man, he was one of Corn's first draftees and helped select the other Aces. "We're all egomaniacs or we'd be doing something besides playing bridge for a living," said Wolff. "But there is a discipline we've gained as a team that has made us all much better than if we were still playing alone. I think Ira's theories will be proved absolutely true."

Friendly Veteran Mercenary—Jim Jacoby, 36, of Richardson, Texas is the son of that mercurial old card-table wizard Oswald Jacoby (who will be the non-playing captain of the North American team in Stockholm). A graduate of Notre Dame, Jim won his first national

title at 21. Neatly groomed, with a businesslike mien, Jacoby has been a professional at bridge all of his adult life. He and Wolff are partners; in October 1968 they felt their game had gone stale and they switched to the infinitely difficult Italian system of bidding, although most experts predicted it would take them at least six months even to work comfortably with the system.

Stoic, Silent Loner—Mike Lawrence, 29, of Berkeley, Calif. had completed five years of college before he dropped out to be a bridge pro. Tall, pale, with heavily lidded eyes and full lips, Mike at times is so distant as to appear morose. He is renowned for an almost supernatural table presence, a sense of undercurrents beyond actual bidding and play. His memory is phenomenal; when the Aces tried to practice bidding hands that had been played in world championships of yore, they had to give it up because as soon as Lawrence glanced at a hand he could recite the major holdings in every other hand at the table and say, "This was played by the Italians against the French in Turin in 1960."

Wry Whitewashed Cytic—Bob Hamman, 31, of Pasadena, Calif. is a bear of a man, with a dry wit and slow manner of speech. A sometime insurance salesman, he was also a bridge gambler and teacher. "There is a clear contradiction of motives there," he said. "You can't teach the game well and still expect to make money gambling. People just don't go down six tricks when they've had lessons." Hamman estimates he has played 100,000 hands of bridge in his life, yet if you read to him the cards held by one of his opponents in any significant tournament hand he has played in recent years, Hamman can reel off the location of each card and the order of play on the board. Last of the Aces to sign up (in January 1969), Hamman arrived after the others had already developed a rather bruising critical rapport in discussing each other's standard of play. "Naturally, I assumed I was one of the two or three best bridge players on earth," recalled Hamman, "so it was a jolt to step into a room and be called a moron and an escapee from a

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padded cell for the way I had bid a hand. But I have a thick skin; I have played with most of the better known beasts of bridge." Hamman has been a loser in world competition three times with three different partners. He is now paired with Lawrence, and there are knowledgeable bridge people who say Hamman-Lawrence may be the best pair now playing on the planet.

Greasy Guy From Broadway Lights—Billy Eisenberg, 32, out of the Bronx, usually has a great-looking dolly on his arm when he is not at the bridge table. Quick-talking, intelligent and good-looking, Billy was a pre-law student at Hofstra University, quit school, had his own card den on Long Island and later worked as a black-tie host at the elite Cavendish Club in Manhattan. "I was about to give up bridge when Ira contacted me," said Eisenberg. "I didn't dig the game much then, and it was a pivotal time in my life. I was even thinking of selling municipal bonds full-time, but then the Aces seemed like something concrete. . . . I wasn't worried about personality conflicts because I'd already played with all the lunatics in the game. Now it's a groove—except I do not dig Dallas. God, the politics are Neanderthal, and I don't relate to the stewardess mentality in most of the chicks you find down here. The young swingers in Dallas are the type who walk around at a party with a glass of beer telling all their friends how they're going to have another glass of beer. . . ."

Irrepressible Inquisitive Kid—Bobby Goldman, 31, once the high school tennis champion of Philadelphia, blond and blue-eyed, is a dropout physics major from Drexel Institute who engaged in some diverse careers before joining the Aces—including being a dealer in rare coins, trainee in a steel-company management program and partner in a business to import domestics from Jamaica. An intense and serious young man, Bobby has always shown an amazing affinity for cards: when he was 4 he taught an aunt to play gin rummy, and as a 7-year-old schoolboy he often played poker or blackjack for bus tokens. Bobby is the computer programmer for the team.

"I'm by far the least interested in playing cards of all of us," he said. "The peripheral things appeal to me—the financial prospects, the computer programming, the gimmicks for merchandising ourselves. And the psychological aspects of the group are fascinating. We have constantly opened huge mental wounds in each other; but they've healed and it's been like psychotherapy. We're much stronger for it." Bobby and Billy Eisenberg are a tough and imaginative pair; in 1968 they won the national Life Masters Pairs, and last year after competing in the old-fashioned ACBL trials, they played on the North American team which lost to the Italians in Rio.

Ripped Sergeant-Uncle—Joe Musumeci, 48, of Brooklyn, N.Y. is a wiry devotee of the cobweb-clearing, muscle-hardening Aerobics exercise program. Following his retirement as a lieutenant colonel after 21 years in the Air Force, Joe became a bridge professional in San Antonio (in a teaching partnership with Bob Wolff). He came on as nonplaying coach of the Aces several months after the group had begun to function. "It was touchy because they're all highly charged people," said Musumeci. "You're not looking for someone who's been nice all his life when you go out to find a superior bridge player. They gave me some lip at first, but things settled down. Now we have a system for hashing over every hand we play. It's really patterned a lot like the debriefing session after a bombing mission. . . ."

So the cast is assembled and the Aces are poised for their assault on the world championship. Headquarters is a windowless suite of offices in a shopping-center building in North Dallas. A doorway set between Lit'l Audrey's Coffee Shop and the Sherry Lane Animal Hospital leads one past a sign that says OFFICE SPACE FOR RENT and up a dim wooden stairway to the place the Aces hope will soon become the seat of expert bridge in North America. It is furnished with all the verve of a struggling cemetery-lot salesman's office. A steel desk or two, a blackboard, a couch, some filing cabinets, a couple of card tables.

Here, in barely two years, the Aces have come an unbelievable distance. "When we started," said Corn, "there was no book, no pattern, nothing from the past to give us a clue about how we should train." In the early months, the Aces bickered constantly over who should be the leader, over what schedules to keep, when to take coffee breaks, which pair had the best system. There were frequent grievance conferences with Corn and with Dorothy Moore, his executive assistant, bridge partner and unofficial den mother for the team. Hours were devoured weekly grousing about disturbing noises around Corn's home where early practice sessions were held—the snarl of a bulldozer digging a backyard pool for the Aces was troublesome, the phone rang too often, Bob Wolff's 3-year-old daughter hummed and skipped past the table too often. Dorothy Moore complained about the class of girl friends some of the bachelor Aces selected. The Aces complained that there was too much steak to eat and too few delicatesse-style snacks. Corn complained that the Aces complained too much, and the neighbors complained because every time the Aces played an exhibition match at Ira's house the parked cars of eager kibitzers blocked the streets throughout the area. . . .

But things have turned brighter. Not only did the Aces finally begin to win as a team last summer (after almost 18 months of relative mediocrity), but some concrete methods of training have evolved to supplement their skill with cards. The arrival of Joe Musumeci in the fall of '68 brought a no-nonsense mentality to bear on the situation. He somehow managed to superimpose a kind of bomb-wing efficiency on the laissez-faire chaos the Aces had created. Soon there were mile-long jogging sessions, fierce golf, Ping-Pong and tennis competitions, plus some fairly rigid training rules that called for fines—\$50 for drinking heavily during a tournament, \$15 for turning up tardy at meetings, \$25 for eating heavily before a match. During tournament trips, there were even mimeographed orders dictating which colored blazer and which pair of

trousers

slacks the Aces should wear each day.

And eventually Joe created a workable system of merits and demerits emphasizing the discipline necessary to make the Aces kings. It involves a list of seven bridge-table sins (too esoteric to set down here) which an expert player is apt to commit. Thus every hand played by the Aces in every match is subjected to an acid post-tournament test against these seven sins. Fines up to \$5 are assessed for grievous errors (as voted by the Aces themselves), and, on occasion, bonuses up to \$25 are awarded for brilliance beyond the call of duty (decided by Joe and Ira).

Perhaps as important as the intellectual discipline inherent in such a program is the emotional reaction it generates. "There is a subconscious fear of being embarrassed in front of your peers," said Bob Wolff. "So you never let down when you're playing for fear that you'll be called for sloppiness in front of the whole team. It's like continuing to throw your blocks even though you're leading 35-0 because you know if you don't you'll catch hell from the coach when he sees the movies."

And then there is the handy-dandy little \$1.5 million pal that has come to deal hands for the Aces—the SDS 940 computer that belongs to one of Corn's companies. When the Aces first assembled, Corn said casually, "We have this little toy at the office and if any of you want to fool around. . . ." Bobby Goldman could not resist the challenge, and for something like 300 hours he sweated over the instruction manual until he mastered the technique and technology of the machine and managed to manipulate its electronic innards so that it would produce bridge hands of several specific types on command. For example, if the Aces want to practice bidding slam-range hands, the computer dutifully clicks away for half an hour or so and reels out a roll of paper with no fewer than 100 combinations of two hands with at least 28 honor points between them. The Italian Blues are renowned for their superiority in slam bidding; the Aces have now practiced with at least 2,000 slam hands from the computer. Does

someone need work on weak two bids? Preemptive bidding? Hands with a five-card major suit opposite a no-trump opener? Well, the computer can produce those precise hands by the hundreds—as if they had been randomly dealt over tens of thousands of bridge games. "In a lifetime, you might not get 200 hands calling for weak two bids," said Goldman, "and then you would never get them in a way you could concentrate on them specifically. With the computer we get to operate with or against 100 weak two bids in a few days."

The method the Aces have developed for practicing the subtle nuances of bidding is utterly original. Each partnership splits into separate rooms and bids its hands over a squawk-box intercom. The reason is twofold. First, such separation eliminates any subconscious ties or inflections beyond the mere expression of words that could affect a partner's reaction to a bid. (Any wigwagging, undue hesitation, cigarette-smoke signals or the like are unethical in bridge anyway; the Aces feel that they will be even less likely to fall unknowingly into dubious habits if they practice bidding in separate rooms.) Secondly, bidding in bridge is one of the most intricate yet limited forms of communication known to man. As Goldman says, "There is a vocabulary of exactly 15 words that you can use in no more than 38 combinations to express to your partner the content of a hand which is just one of 13 billion possible combinations you can deal." Thus, when one pair of Aces practices bidding in different rooms, other members of the team and Joe Musumeci can grill a player in mid-auction about what he means by a certain bid and what he expects his partner to reply.

Of course, all of the Aces' hours are not spent sitting around above Lt. Audrey's, scanning computer readouts and shouting "two no trump" into a squawk box. Another thing that Corn and his money have seen to is that the Aces do not go wanting for expert competition. In line with his detestation of the palooka-killer syndrome, Corn has arranged and paid for the numerous visits to Dallas of dozens of super bridge

sharks, who then play marathon weekend matches against the Aces. So far, the team has played at least 1,000 hands with visiting teams which have included 31 former world competitors. In the winter of '69, on a three-week tour with the Omar Sharif Bridge Circus, the Aces played 256 hands against Sharif and the nucleus of the Italian Blue Team (losing by 19 IMPs), and this year, on a similar seven-week, 840-hand tour with Sharif's show, which included three of the Italians—Garezzo, Belladonna, Forquet—they won by 101 IMPs.

Now Ira Corn was slap-slapping around his living room, pondering a final question. "I suppose I could say I am a patriotic man," said Corn, "and that I would like to see the bridge championship in this country. And that would be a little bit true [slap-slap]. But I am not a man who believes in the arrogance of the U.S., and I wouldn't spend this kind of time or money simply to provide something for Americans to crow about. In fact, I never considered for a moment that I was going into this thing only to be constructive or only to test some ideas I've had."

He pulled his bathrobe belt tighter about his great waist. "I've taken a chance that this will be constructive but not profitable," he said. "We don't have enough momentum yet to produce profits, and we won't until we win the world championship. . . . [slap-slap]. We have status now, sure, but in terms of converting that to cash, we aren't there yet. But that is our goal. We're looking for the 40 million bridge players, not just the 250,000 who play in tournaments. . . . Yes, we need the momentum of a world championship and then we'll have the opportunity to accomplish something really successful [slap-slap]. . . . something really profitable."

He paused in his walking, winked and showed his wide, boyish smile. "When a man pays more than \$400,000 to corner the floating supply of Declarations of Independence, you don't think he is entirely unaware of the value of having it in his possession during the vintage year of 1976, do you?" **END**



(A tragic tale from the MONY folio in one act, one scene)

MONY MAN: Mr. Caesar, I can give you XXX or XL reasons why a MONY policy makes good sense.

CAESAR: XXX or XL? I've barely time to listen to one, what with these commentaries I'm writing. How does this grab you for an opening sentence? *Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres.*

MONY MAN: Rather racy, sir, but excellent. Now let me give you that reason. Your own soothsayers predict that, because of the extreme worth of MONY policies, six Presidents of the United States will hold them. (Ed.

Note: The soothsayers, as always, were 100% correct.)

CAESAR: "MONY—the policy of great leaders"—if I may suggest an advertising slogan. A most convincing argument, my friend. But you'll have to give me some time to think it over. See me after the Ides of March.

Ed. Note: As is known to one and all, the fates—with a sharp assist from Brutus, Cassius & Co.—decided that the Ides of March would be too late. Caesar, alas, like so many of us when it comes to life and health insurance, was a delayer. Et tu, mister?

MORAL:

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"Profile" Monday through Friday, 2:30-2:35 p.m. Charles Osgood takes a curious look at people and things in the news.



"Correspondent's Report" Monday through Saturday 5:30-5:35 p.m. Top CBS News Correspondents like Roger Mudd report in depth on current news stories.

showed we have 17 of some improvements.

				
"Spotlight on Sports" Six times every weekend sports-casters such as WCAU's Andy Musser broadcast from major sports centers.	"The Action Generation" Saturday, 2:05-2:10 p.m. Larry Attebery looks at people who typify the modern scene.	"Pets and Wildlife" Saturday and Sunday, 4:30-4:35 p.m. With Roger Caras, the animal expert.	"Time for Youth" Sunday 11:30-11:35 a.m. CBS News Correspondent John Laurence examines current attitudes, life styles and movements among the young.	"Science for the '70s" Saturday and Sunday, 7:30-7:35 p.m. Dr. Leonard Reiffel looks at how the rapid changes in science will affect our lives.

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CBS Radio Network.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

DOWNFALL (CONT.)

Sirs:

In their letters, which appeared in 19th Hole (March 9) concerning your publication of the downfall of Denny McLain, Messrs. Reiss, Kostinas and Pearson take strange positions not unlike the traditional pose of the ostrich—that is to say, bury your head and the problem will disappear. The fact that Sports Illustrated published its story cannot in any way disguise the fact that Denny McLain involved himself in a messy situation, got caught and consequently had his hand smacked.

Actually, it is unfortunate that Commissioner Bowie Kuhn said he was not taking action because of the revelations contained in SI but, rather, was moving on infotainment gained by his office. That may have been shading the truth slightly. I personally neither support nor condemn McLain or Kuhn; that is not my function. If McLain is guilty, he deserves to be punished; if not, he'll be exonerated. At any rate, baseball is bigger than either McLain or Kuhn. It was not SI that burst the bubble surrounding a hero, but the hero himself.

E. PAT JEVICK
Sports Editor
The News and Courier

Charleston, S.C.

Sirs:

I strongly disagree with the statements made by reader David Pearson. He refers to McLain as a hero and states that many still admire Denny despite his "tragedy." McLain has in the past showed no team loyalty and has mouthed off to the press more times than the Tigers would like to remember. He has run up enormous debts despite an annual income of over \$200,000. Obviously, he is not one to look up to.

Becoming involved in a gambling operation and being suspended from baseball because of it does not constitute a tragedy. Rather, it was a stupid and unforgivable case of poor judgment. I think it is a tragedy, however, when sports officials try to preserve sports from any connection with organized crime only to have fans side with the players, using the lack of heroes as a weak defense. I think SI and Commissioner Bowie Kuhn have done a great service to baseball and its fans.

ROBERT KAPLAN

Eggertsville, N.Y.

Sirs:

I disagree with the letter in 19th Hole that stated that Denny McLain cannot singlehandedly discredit baseball. I feel this is wrong because it is the duty of the players, coaches, owners and whoever else is respon-

sible for baseball to keep such scandals out of the sport. I am not picking out Denny McLain singly, just using him as an example to hope to put a stop to any future scandals. Baseball is a great sport, and it must prevent such happenings in the upcoming seasons.

GARY LARSEN

Erse, Pa.

SHRIMP IN A BINO

Sirs:

A gold medal for William Johnson and SI for the article, *The Name Is the Name of the Game* (March 9). I am sure it will set the stage for the development of compatible programs by the IOC, the FIS, the USSA, et al.

(I was a member of the 1964 U.S. Olympic Alpine ski team and have since served as director of racing and product manager for the Head Ski Company and as director of marketing for the Lange Company. I am now marketing consultant to the Olin Ski Company, Inc.)

RIP MCMAUR

Sussex, N.J.

Sirs:

And they confiscated all the Olympic medals earned by the Greatest Athlete of the First Half of the 20th Century for a few \$15 sandlot baseball games!

DALE R. SPERLING

Philadelphian

IMAGE OF A CHAMPION

Sirs:

William Reed's excellent article on Mark Spitz ("Swimming Isn't Everything, Winning Is," March 9) is a very revealing piece of writing—revealing in that it should have been entitled *The Mirror Image of Arnold Spitz*. It unraveled Perc Spitz as a self-appointed coach. He may have sacrificed a great deal to make his son "beautiful" but in so doing I think he carried the ritual too far; he sacrificed a human being for an athletic machine. I think Mark wanted a father during those years of development and fame. What he received instead was a bullwhip, a pointed finger and a raised voice.

Arnold Spitz should make his living from Schmetzer Steel Products and not the Mark Spitz Gold Medal Foundation. Mark is an individual, not an extension! If Arnold Spitz shuts up, if Mark Spitz shapes up (apparently he's doing so) and if Doc Counsilman wakes up, then the Spitz family name can live with pride. I hope Mr. Spitz looks in this mirror that William Reed has manufactured for him and sees that coaching is for men like Sherm Chavoor and George Haines, and realizes that winning is not

what's important. Trying is! You don't attain maturity and victory without it.

J. RICKLEY DUMM

North Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

Arnold Spitz is a father who is trying to live his athletic life in the body of his son. Let's hope that he does not do for Nancy what he so lovingly did for Mark.

DANIEL T. BULLI

West Chester, Pa.

Sirs:

Arnold and Lenore Spitz created Mark, George Haines made him a world-class swimmer, Doc Counsilman made him a titan. Mark's father is an age-group parent who acts like many others, only he is not one of the "silent majority."

Haines said it right: "I understand that he has matured a lot and I hope so, because that was his biggest fault." Mark made many statements that we knew came from being an immature kid. But he is one helluva swimmer.

ALBERT SCHOENFELD

Editor

Swimming World & Junior Swimmer

North Hollywood, Calif.

CENTRAL ISSUE

Sirs:

Your article on Lew Alcindor (*Lew Turns Small Change to Big Bucks*, March 9) would seem to pose several interesting questions, not the least of which concerns itself with the future of professional basketball. Whether Tex Maule realizes it or not, he has neatly pointed out that, in a sport of tall men, the "good center" is essential if a team is to be a contender. Would the Milwaukee Bucks have been able to jump from last place to second without the presence of Mr. Alcindor and his more-than-average debut in the league? I doubt it. Moreover, can anyone in Boston who really understands the essence of professional basketball deny that the 11 or so flags that hang above the Celtics home court are but the end result of Bill Russell's great abilities? Surely, then, the strong, agile, all-around center is a necessity in pro basketball today.

It seems strange then that, of all people, Walter Kennedy has remained oblivious to these points and arbitrarily given the league's four new expansion teams seventh through 10th picks in the upcoming draft. Not only will these new teams suffer without a good center, but they may also find this year's exceptional crop of college seniors a bit sparse when it comes their turn to pick.

JEFFREY HOFFMAN

Madison, Wis.

CANADIAN EYE

Sirs,

I am one of the "haughty stiff-necked lot" whom Wilfrid Sheed talks about in *TV Talk* (Feb. 23). We Canadians don't necessarily have to "trust" our hockey telecasts; are better than the American ones, we know they are better.

Granted, the camera work on CBS is about on a par with the CBC and CTV networks, but that announcing is something else. Dan Kelly is always one to two passes behind the play and when Bill Mauer calls Bobby Orr the "Golden Golden" we just cringe a little further back in our seats and thank the powers that be for Bill Hewitt, the Canadian announcer. In fact, when the boys around the coffee machine discuss the previous day's game as viewed on CBS, the talk about the action takes a back seat to the talk about the irrelevant chatter of Bill Mauer who is, unknowingly, the Pat Paulsen of hockey.

Perhaps an out-and-out duel between CBS and CBC, both televising the same hockey game, would prove the Canadian superiority. In fact, ask Mr. Verna how true the rumor is that during the Stanley Cup playoff last year the CBS crew watched the game on a CBC monitor.

BRIAN SCHOLZ

London, Ontario

Sirs,

You quoted Tony Verna as boasting that he does more cutting than the Canadians do. I'll agree he does more, but the casual football-baseball fan who is still vague about anything in hockey other than the puck, punches and intermission statistics is disoriented by the camera-to-camera cutting. When you see 80% of the game from one center-ice camera you can appreciate what the 11 men without the puck are doing. I know Tony is trying, but fancy camera-to-camera cutting isn't bringing vague fans into focus about a great game.

DICK WESTER

Whitby, Ontario

Sirs:

As I sit here looking out at the cold, cold wastelands and the igloos and the dog sleds and the glaciers, I cannot help getting a little red in the face about Wilfrid Sheed's so-called article. I have seen both Canadian and American telecasts and, in my opinion, our telecasts are so much better than yours there can really be no comparison!

He then quotes Tony Verna as saying, "The Canadians take undue risks—violating the goalie, for instance, when a shot is due—and end up with egg on their tie if no shot is made." I have been watching telecasts here for 10 years, and I have seen that happen twice. In that respect, I'd give CBC and CTV a good rating.

continued

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10TH HOLE continued

Better than page 7 of your Feb. 23 issue
had been left blank. How did a magazine
of SI's caliber hire a "writer" like Wilford
Sheed?

MURRAY LANDA

Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

YANKEE PETE

Sirs:

I liked Robert Jones' article on "Yankee"
Pete Hamilton and the Daytona 500 race
(*Yankee Pete and His Red German Car*,
March 2) very much, but, in the last para-
graph, he says that Pete had only a two-
year career and most of it was at the
Grand Touring class Camaro, which is
not entirely correct. Pete raced in the Sports-
man and Modified classes all throughout
the Northeast, and the race fans in north-
ern New York remember both Pete and
the late Don MacTavish for their superb
driving.

My son was also racing at the time,
and Pete and another fine driver, Ed
Flemke, could always be found giving the
newer drivers pointers on handling and
front-end setups. Pete's driving on half-
mile tracks was always something to mar-
vel at: he drove hard and clean and he
drove to win.

Everyone always spoke highly of Pete
and his machine and we northern New
Yorkers like to feel that we had a small
part in boosting him up the line to be-
come one of the great professional drivers
of today.

KEN GOODENOUGH
Sheriff
Emes County

Elizabethtown, N.Y.

URS NINRO

Sirs:

I have just read your story on Victor
the wrestling bear (*A Happy Day of Hairy
Sports*, Feb. 23) and I have taken notice
of his 50,000-0-1 record. This is the most
venerated bear in history.

When I was a junior in high school in
1963, I had Victor on his back twice for
at least 15 seconds (with 75 people as wit-
nesses), but the manager ruled it no con-
test. During my senior year in high school
I fought the bear to a tie in front of 20
of my friends. The last time I wrestled
the bear was in 1965 while a freshman in
college at the University of Colorado. I
weighed 240 pounds at the time and,
after five minutes, the manager called the
match a draw. All of these matches took
place in Hollywood, Calif. and all three have
been filmed.

SI has fantastic reporters but, please, don't
believe every wrestling-bear manager you
come across.

STU GOTTLIEB

Los Angeles

Sirs:

I was highly impressed with Frank De-
ford's thorough and comprehensive article.
It was obvious that Deford was enthused
enough about his assignment to give it a com-
plete airing. Nonetheless, I remain uncon-
vinced that Victor the bear and his trainer,
Tuffy Truesdell, live above the transparent
wrestling we see on the local levels, with
"all its shams."

JAMES A. TRANNIL

Bellefonte, Iowa

ICEBREAKER

Sirs:

Your recent article on hockey in the lit-
tle town of Dauphin, Manitoba (*The Gelf
Game in Town*, Feb. 16) left me speechless.
It is indicative of one of SI's greatest at-
tributes, the very difficult and sensitive abili-
ties to extract from our hustle-bustle, 20th
century lives the warmth and character of
the small people of North America. Don't
ever lose this precious quality of sensitivity.
SI wouldn't be SI without it.

The small people of Canada thank you
LOUIS BERTO

Smiths Falls, Ontario

THE NCAA STORY

Sirs:

Your editorials are usually on target. Not
so with "Camouflage" (*Sports Illustrated*, Feb. 9).
The NCAA was not "stupid," as you say,
in the Langer case.

The NCAA Council, composed of 18 fac-
ulty athletic representatives and athletic di-
rectors, made the decision that no student
athlete could compete in outside games. This
was done before Langer's appearance in the
Muscatine games, and Yale was well aware
that it was violating this important NCAA
rule. If the NCAA had given approval it
would have let down the floodgates for a raft
of such invitations in the future. How could
you favor one and not others? Yale was
wrong and now hates to pay the penalty.

As for brilliant Walter Byers, he has the
guts to say no when necessary and, far from
being stupid, his leadership has made the
NCAA a fine guardian of college athletics.
Since Byers took over a feeble NCAA in
1951, it has cleaned up undesirable recruiting
practices by having the backbone to place
member schools on probation where it was
deserved, developed a good TV program and
generally has a top-flight organization.

How did it happen? One former NCAA
staff member told me, "No matter how ear-
ly you came to work, Walter Byers was
there earlier." Elbow grease, courage and
headwork make for a rare combination.

JACK B. STEWART JR.

Scottsdale, Ariz.

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because it supports bacteria.

So, replace the oxygen with carbon dioxide, and your food will stay fresh almost indefinitely.

Sound like a pipe dream? Far from it. Whole warehouses of apples are being stored that way right now.

When will your flavor-lock cabinet be ready? Maybe sooner than you think. If you have natural gas in your home, you're all set. Your future is going to be juicy.

There's a lot more coming from natural gas energy.

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CH3



There are 202 parts in a Garrard automatic turntable.

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Today's automatic turntable is a beastly sophisticated device.

The Garrard SL95B, below, has 202 different parts.

That is, unless we tally the "parts" that go into such final assembly parts as the motor and pickup arm. In which case the total is more like 700.

A few of these parts we buy. Mostly springs, clips and bits of trim.

But the parts that make a Garrard perform, or not perform, we make ourselves.

To buy or not to buy

At our Swindon works, in England, a sign reads "If we can't buy surpassing quality and absolute accuracy, we make it ourselves."

E. W. Mortimer, Director of Engineering Staff and a Garrard employee since 1919, says "That sign has been there as long as I can remember."

"But considering the precision of today's component turntables, and the tolerances we must work to, the attitude it represents is more critical now than it was even ten years ago."

Our Synchro-Lab motor is a perfect example.

To limit friction (and rumble) to the irreducible minimum, we super-finish each rotor shaft to one micron.

The bearings are machined to a

tolerance of plus or minus one ten-thousandth of an inch. Motor pulleys must meet the same standard.

"When you make them yourself," observes Mr. Mortimer "you can be that finicky. That, actually, is what sets us apart."

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Despite its place as the world's largest producer of component automatic turntables, Garrard stubbornly eschews mass production techniques.

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Each person who assembles a part tests that finished assembly.

And before each turntable is packed in its carton, 26 final tests are performed.

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Swindon, sweet Swindon

In fairness to other makers, we confess to a special advantage. Our home.



At last census the total population of Swindon, England was 97,234. Garrard employs a rather large share of them, and has for fifty years.

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CH6

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Dodge



We were talking about Charger, and your name came up.